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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR IN THIS NUMBER

How Popery Took Possession of the Romanist Branch of the Christian Church

(A continuation of the History of the Papacy and the Popes)

Additional Facts and Thoughts on Foreign Missions

Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 12

Miscellaneous Book Reviews

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Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Peace hath her lodging in each human breast
  Where selfless love and truth and honor reign,
  And moral courage lives without a stain.
While life and work accomplished bring true rest.
  So "peace" and "rest" through life, not prayer, we gain.

—From "A Book of Verses." Nanny Miles Durant.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

How the Acorn Grew Into the Oak: How Popery Took Possession of the Romanist Branch of the Christian Church

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

DID it ever cross your mind that the word *Logic*, is one of the most terrible of all words? When the Greek dramatists founded their plays upon it, and made every step in the journey toward the catastrophe a necessary result of the previous one, they proved their deep insight into the laws of Nature and of Mankind. Chains unseen, *draw consequences* from words and from deeds; and the thing we call "a precedent," may become fraught with woe for millions of people who had nothing whatever to do with *that first wrong step.*

When the barbarian tribe, embroiled in a quarrel with a neighboring tribe, saw the necessity of choosing its *ablest man* as Chieftain in the strife that was to follow, there was no thought that this ablest man would gradually become the permanent Chief—and then the King. Yet all royalties originated in just that tway. The one simple step taken, the others followed *logically.*

.In like manner, the temporary umpire of a dispute grew into a yearly judge; and the annually chosen judge grew into the life-tenure judge—each step being the logical consequence of its predecessor.

All *systems* have their remote origin in *the case which repeated itself.* To its acorn, every social, political and religious establishment may be traced. The germ having done its part, the rest of the progress to *system*, was the work of merciless, inevitable Logic—the grim, unfeeling, unhasting, unresting logic of events.

* * * * *

It does not require a great amount of that which we call the historic imagination, for us to see the Christian church throw off independent Sects, upon the one hand, and develop an Episcopacy, on the other. To this writer, the Baptists, the Essenes, the Gnostics, the Manicheans, the Donatists, the Nestorians, etc., all seem natural products of the soil. In like manner, the progress from the Elders to the Bishops, and from these, to the Metropolitans, seems equally the gradual unfolding of a logical evolution.

We see the Mother Church created at Jerusalem; we see it sending forth the Apostles; we see these missionaries entering the distant cities and proclaiming the new Gospel; we see the converts in these cities forming new churches. We look in vain for any episcopal connection binding these various churches into one ecclesiastical body. *Christianity has no organization.* Each church is organized; but each church is independent of all the others.

Yet, how natural it was that the off-

spring of the Mother Church should look toward Jerusalem for guidance, in time of doubt and trouble. The brother of our Lord was yet alive, the most honored of the Apostles, the Head of the Christian congregation, so far as it had one; and this brother remains with the Mother Church. When Peter is miraculously set free from prison, he orders that the tidings be carried to James. ("Go show ye these things unto James," etc. Acts 12:17.) When Paul comes to Jerusalem, it is James whom he first visits. When the great question which is about to split Jew from Gentile demands settlement, it is James who addresses the church at Jerusalem, and who delivers what he calls, "My sentence."

This point being vital, let us consult the highest and best evidence upon it, the Bible.

In this particular, I beg you to take notice that I do not cite the Bible in its character as the inspired Word: I am not asking Roman Catholics to be convinced by it *because* it is Holy Writ. In *this* instance, and for my present purpose, I do no more than to ask them to accept it as a human document, which the Fathers of their church agreed upon, as *a true recital of facts.* As *an agreed statement of acts* to which they are committed by the official conduct of their hierarchy, *and by the acquiescence of their church for* 1600 *years*, I now proceed to search it *for the truth.*

Turn to Chapter 15, Acts of the Apostles, and read it, carefully.

You will learn from it that certain Christians, from Judea, had caused differences and dissensions in the churches that Paul and Barnabas had organized among the Gentiles. Those two, Paul and Barnabas, had preached the Gospel in Lycaonia, Attalia, Iconeum, Antioch, and other places; they had made many converts, and had "ordained them elders in every church;" after which came the trouble "about this question" of the circumcision and the Mosiac law.

"This question" which had been sprung upon the new churches by the men of Judea who claimed to have been sent by the Mother Church, was about to prove a very great stumbling block, indeed. The Gentile converts did not wish to be circumcised, nor did they wish to conform to what they considered the many absurdities of the Mosaic code, of health and morals.

What was to be done "about this question?" It was a crisis with the new Faith. A wrong step might mean the entire loss of the Jews, or the entire loss of the Gentiles; or, it might mean the partial loss of both Jews and Gentiles; or it might mean the entire loss of the Jews without the entire conquest of the Gentiles.

Today, when we ask ourselves why it was that a new religion, born among the Jews, with a Jew, for its first Evangelist; with a Jew for its first Martyr; with a Jew as its Founder, and twelve Jews as its first Apostles—if, I say, we ask ourselves why this new religion so soon lost its hold upon the Jews, we are justified in answering that one of the causes was the decision made "about this question" of Jew or Gentile.

The new churches sent delegates, along with Paul and Barnabas, to take the case to the Mother Church at Jerusalem. Where else was "this question" to be taken? Had there been, on earth, some individual to speak for Christ, the case should have gone to that individual. Had there been a Prince of the Apostles, a vice-gerent of Christ, a Christian who was "the rock" and who held "the keys," he it was who should have heard and decided "this question."

But the case was sent to the elders and apostles at Jerusalem. Peter was one among them, even as James, and Paul and Barnabas and Silas were each but one among others. The question is stated, to *all* the brethren. It is

discussed before them all. Peter speaks to all; Barnabas and Paul do likewise. Then James tells the Council what answer ought to be sent to the new churches; *and that answer is sent.* Peter does not send it: neither does James send it: *the whole church sends it.*

Hence the literal, indisputable fact is, that the first tremendously important question that threatened the very existence of the Christian church was submitted to the Mother organization at Jerusalem, was debated by the elders and apostles in council, was decided by the votes present, and was communicated to the distant churches by messengers chosen by the congregation.

Evidence more convincing of the non-existence of an infallible papal authority—in Peter, or anybody else—at that time, it is impossible to even imagine. And don't forget that this evidence is furnished by the statement of facts *agreed on* by the orthodox Fathers of the Roman Catholic Church.

Before the papal claims can be traced to Peter, or to any other man mentioned in the Bible, the casuists and theologians must impeach their own venerated *Fathers in the Faith.* If Peter was a Prince of the Apostles, when Paul and Barnabas hurried up to Jerusalem, anxious about the great question which jeopardized all their great work, then the Fathers who solemnly agreed that the Acts of the Apostles was a true narrative, were a most ungodly lot of falsifiers, without having any conceivable motive for being otherwise than truthful.

In fact, *Popery* accuses the New Testatment of being the falsest book on earth—for Popery cannot defend itself without impeaching the veracity of the New Testament—*BOTH AS A GOSPEL AND AS A NARRATIVE.*

* * * * *

We can see that each Christian church in the large cities will naturally become the parent of country churches in the regions round about. The sphere of influence of each city church will thus follow geographical lines. Antioch will become the mother church of others in Asia-Minor: Alexandria, in Egypt; Carthage, in Northern Africa; Rome, in the West; Constantinople, in the East, etc.

Says Mosheim:

> The churches of those early times, were entirely independent, none of them being subject to any foreign jurisdiction, but each governed by its own rules and its own laws; for, though the churches founded by the apostles had this particular deference shown to them, that they were consulted in difficult cases, yet they had no judicial authority, no sort of supremacy over the others, nor the least right to enact laws for them.

Commenting upon this, *The Christian Standard* says:

> This is a very clear and exact statement of the case, and as long as this policy prevailed, there were no alienations to threaten the unity of the body of Christ. But in after years a wonderful change took place in this regard, and an organization sprang up that assumed to lord it over the congregations, and bind them with fetters of outside authority. How this radical change came about is an interesting and instructive study. Organisms are generally of slow and imperceptible growth, and that makes them the more dangerous when evil is liable to grow out of them. Their encroachments upon the rights of individuals are so slow and unobtrusive that they get their tentacles about their victims before the latter are aware of it, and when they become cognizant of their condition they are powerless to help themselves.

We quote again from Mosheim:

> Such was the constitution of the Christian church in its infancy, when its assemblies were neither numerous nor splendid. There are four presbyters, men of remarkable piety and wisdom, ruled these small congregations in perfect harmony; nor did they stand in need of any president or superior to maintain concord and order where no dissensions were known. But the number of the presbyters and deacons increasing with that of the churches, and the sacred work of the ministry growing more painful and weighty, by a number

of additional duties, these new circumstances required new regulations. It was then judged necessary that one man of distinguished gravity and wisdom should preside in the council of presbyters, in order to distribute among his colleagues their several tasks, and to be a center of union to the whole society.

The first statement in this quotation is an illusion to the simplicity of the earliest church government. The following statements present the original seed, only like that of a mustard, of the subsequent and mighty ecclesiasticism that grew out of it. That seed is found in the "one man" who was placed over his colleagues to distribute among them "their several tasks, and to be a center of union to the whole society." There seems to inhere in the human heart an ambition to rule, that only awaits the opportunity to assert itself, and history shows that "remarkable piety and wisdom" afford no guaranty against its springing into the saddle of power when it once gets its foot in the stirrup. The seed thus planted soon put forth its natural blade, as indicated in the following quotation from the same authority:

The power and jurisdiction of the bishops were not long confined to these narrow limits, but were soon extended by the following means. The bishops, who lived in the cities, had either by their own ministry, or that of their presbyters, erected new churches in the neighboring towns and villages. These churches, continuing under the inspection and ministry of the bishops, by whose labors and counsels they had been engaged to embrace the gospel, grew imperceptibly into ecclesiastical provinces, which the Greeks afterwards called **dioceses**. But, as the bishop of the city could not extend his labors and inspection to all these churches in the country and in the villages, he appointed certain suffragans or deputies to govern and to instruct these new societies, and they were distinguished by the title of **chorepiscopi**; i. e., country bishops. This order held the middle rank between bishops and presbyters.

See the insidious growth of the "man of sin" in his early childhood, and it is not at all improbable that Paul had reference to this very thing when he said that the "mystery of iniquity" was already working in his day. Notice that the "city bishops" are now coming to the front, and elevating themselves above the "country bishops," and training them as inferiors to look up to themselves as superiors. It is a remarkable and interesting fact that city "bishops" or preachers have led every apostacy in the direction of ecclesiasticism that has ever characterized religious movements. They have made popes, cardinals and archbishops, and constructed synods, councils and ecclesiastical courts of every grade, and the brethren would do well to look about them and see who the preachers mostly are who are leading in the enterprise of turning our voluntary conventions into a delegate and representative body, and where they live. We are not impugning their motives, but simply doing a little philosophizing.

We pass now from the latter part of the first Christian century, when this evil seed was planted, and shot forth its blade, into the second century, when it began to make stalk.

I again quote from Mosheim:

During a great part of this century (the second), the Christian churches were independent with respect to each other; nor were they joined by association, confederacy, or any other bonds than those of charity. Each Christian assembly was a little state, governed by its own laws, which were either enacted, or at least approved by the society. But, in process of time, all the Christian churches of a province were formed into one large ecclesiastical body, which, like confederate states, assembled at certain times in order to deliberate about the common interests of the whole. This institution had its origin among the Greeks, with whom nothing was more common than this confederacy of independent states, and the regular assemblies which met, in consequence thereof, at fixed times, and were composed of the deputies of each respective state. But these ecclesiastical associations were not long confined to the Greeks; their great utility was no sooner perceived than they became universal, and were formed in all places where the gospel had been planted. To these assemblies, in which the deputies or commissioners of several churches consulted together, the name of **synods** was appropriated by the Greeks, and that of **councils** by the Latins; and the laws that were enacted in these general meetings called canons; i. e., **rules**.

Hitherto these public assemblies were simply conventions for purposes of consultation and advice concerning matters of common interest; but now they are "synods" and "councils," and they are enacting "laws" and establishing "rules" for the government of the churches. "During a great part of this century," says the historian, "the Christian churches were independent with respect to each other; nor were they joined by association, confederacy, or any other bonds than those of charity." But towards the close of this century churches were consolidated into ecclesiasticisms limited by geographical boundaries, and diocesan episcopacy was born, and a distinct milestone was established on the road to a universal hierarchy.

Mosheim further tells us in his

Ecclesiastical History—Part II. Chap. II:

* * * "He must be ignorant of the history and the monuments of this age" (the 3rd Century) "who can deny that a person having the title of bishop presided over each church in the larger cities, and managed its public concerns with some degree of authority, yet having the presbyters for his counsel, and taking the voice of the whole people on subjects of any moment. It is equally certain that one bishop in each province was pre-eminent over the rest in rank and authority. This was necessary for maintaining that consociation of churches which had been introduced in the preceding century, and for holding councils more conveniently and readily.

* * * "It is also beyond controversy that the bishops of Rome, Antioch and Alexandria, as presiding over the primitive and apostolic churches in the greater provinces of the empire, had precedence of all others, and were not only often consulted on weighty affairs, but likewise enjoyed certain prerogatives peculiar to themselves."

Further, Mosheim says, of a much later date:

"As to the bishop of Rome in particular, he was regarded by Cyprian, and doubtless by others likewise, as holding something of primacy in the church. But the fathers, who with Cyprian attributed this primacy to the Roman bishop, strenuously contended for the equality of all bishops in respect to dignity and authority; and, disregarding the judgment of the bishop of Rome whenever it appeared to them incorrect, had no hesitation in following their own judgment. Of this Cyprian himself gave a striking example in his famous controversy with Stephen, bishop of Rome, concerning the baptism of heretics. Whoever duly considers and compares all their declarations, will readily perceive that this primacy was not one of power and authority, but one of precedence among associated brethren. That is, the primacy of the Roman bishop in regard to the whole church was the same as that of Cyprian in the African church, which did not impair at all the dignity of the African bishops, or curtail their liberties and rights, but merely confererd the right of convoking councils, of presiding in them, and admonishing his brethren fraternally, and the like."

Of the 4th century after Christ, Mosheim tells us:

"It is abundantly attested that the bishops of Rome did not, in this century, possess supreme power and jurisdiction in the church. * * * They obeyed all the laws and the mandates of the emperors, just like other citizens. * * * The laws relating to religion were enacted either by the emperors or the councils." Part. 11., Chap. II., p. 129 et seq.

If there was absolute equality among the churches in the beginning: if each church was an independent democracy; if there was no primacy, claimed or conceded: if the presbyter gradually paled before the bishop; and the bishops, before the Metroplitan; and the Metropolitans before the One-Man Power, it all becomes *so* human that the mystery disappears.

We saw the Captain of the marauers become the King; and we saw many kingdoms fade into the Empire.

We saw the occasional umpire grow into the annual judge; and then saw the individual judges expand into a permanent, universal Judiciary.

Therefore, we cease to marvel when we see the church follow the same unwritten law, the same inexorable Logic.

But let us tell the truth, and admit that *Man made the hierarchy;* that it took him ages to make it; and that his own pride, lust of power and love of money impelled him to make it.

Don't let us accuse God of the crime.

* * * * *

I am not one of those who think it strange that a good, thorough going Romanist should detest the New Testament, and should "bank on" Tradition. To me, as to all who have studied the subject, the reason is plain: the New Testament was authenticated and adopted at a time when *the truth about*

Christ was the sole object of the Fathers; whereas, the Traditions were manufactured by the Romanists in the later, corrupted and worldly days, when there was *Popery, paganism and sacerdotalism* to be supported.

There is the same difference between Tradition and the New Testament, that there is between a meek, forgiving Jesus, and a proud, implacable Pope. The one is Christian and purifying and uplifting: the other is heathen, idolatrous, putrifying. The one rests eternally upon the New Testament as agreed upon by the primitive Fathers, Apostles, and martyrs: the other is based, ephemerally upon Traditions, fabricated by paganized heirarchs, intent upon creating a pious origin for impious usurpations and un-scriptural dogmas.

(1.) If Peter was made Prince of the Apostles, the others did not know it. They neither complained of the priority granted to him, nor did they recognize it. They ordered him upon missions, just as others were ordered. He did not preside over their councils, and his was not the voice of authority in any of them.

II.) Paul caught him playing a deceptive part, showing one face to the Gentile and another to the Jews. For this double-dealing, Peter was rebuked "before them all." Not a voice was raised in Peter's defence, not even his own!

(III.) When Paul visits James, Peter and John, he calls them pillars of the church; and he does not say that they were the only ones. Elsewhere in his Gospel, he shows very clearly that he considers himself one of the pillars, not the least bit inferior to the original Twelve.

(IV.) As to Peter being *the* one rock upon which Christ founds his church, the whole tenor of the New Testament is overwhelmingly, irreconcileably against it.

When did the disputed text about "the rock" first appear in the New Testaament? No one can say. But the silence of the Fathers, and the flat contradictions contained in the *undisputed* portions of the Gospel, suggest that the most unnatural passage in Matthew was forged at about the same time the text of Josephus was violated.

Let us use our common sense on this question, just as the Apostle James did about the vexed problem first laid before the Mother Church at Jerusalem.

Did Christ *overrule himself*, and give to Peter a Primacy? Did Christ, after having repeatedly rebuked the very idea of inequality among the Twelve, establish it? Did Jesus stullify himself? Did he, by one sudden impulse, utterly revolutionize the teachings of his entire ministry? Did he finally do for Peter, what he had most positively refused to for any body? Did he first set up a Democracy, and then create a Monarchy?

* * * * * *

When the mother of James and John besought Christ to allow her two sons seats of especial honor in heaven, the jealousy of the other ten disciples was immediately aroused. Here are the words of Holy Writ:

"*When the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation against the two brethren.*"

This statement is thoroughly credible, because it is a revelation of envious human nature.

What had John and James done to arouse this indignation of the ten?

The two had *not disclaimed* their mother's request in their behalf. They had remained silent and acquiescent. Their attitude was receptive. *Hence*, their brethren were moved with indignation against them.

Nevertheless, you are asked to believe that when Christ nominates Peter as the one man on whom the Christian

church should be built, there was no murmuring among the eleven!

These disciples had heard their Master say, again and again, that there should not be any rivalry among them, and no claim of precedence; yet, they are dumb and indifferent when Peter is made the sole foundation of the faith.

Was this human nature? Were not these the same men who were moved with indignation against James and John, *because* their mother had *solicited* precedence for her sons?

Christ had promptly denied the request; but the ten were angered because James and John *had permitted such a petition to be made.*

Who can believe that these men of testy temper, and quick resentment at having priority asked for *two* of their number, would have been so meek, silent and acquiescent when *one* is actually given the sovereignty over all?

Decide for yourself which is the more rational—to believe *the many verses* which recognize all the disciples as equals, or *the one passage* in which Peter is made the foundation of the church.

Not only does this one passage conflict with the other Gospels, with the Acts and with the Epistles, but it conflicts with other passages in Matthew.

You may read every line of Scripture imputed to Peter himself, and you cannot find a single one that corroborates the statement that Christ constituted him the rock of the church.

That ought to be conclusive.

Consider, again, the alleged reason why Christ singled out Peter for such marvelous honor and priority.

We are told that Christ was moved to this *because* Peter had acknowledged Him to be the Son of God.

Why, then, had no especial honors been awarded to John the Baptist who was the first to receive Jesus as the Messiah?

(Matthew, iii:17.)

In his sermon on the Mount, Christ had referred to God as his Father.

(Matthew 7-21.)

Those "two possessed of devils" had hailed Jesus as the Son of God.

(Matthew, 8-29.)

When Christ was instructing the Apostles, before sending them forth to preach, he called himself the Son of God, by saying "My Father which is in heaven."

(Matthew, 10-32.)

In addressing the multitude concerning John the Baptist, Christ calls himself the Son of the heavenly Father.

(Matthew, 11-27.)

After Peter tried to walk the water, and had been rescued by Christ, *all* the disciples worshipped Jesus, saying, "of a truth thou art the Son of God."

(Matthew, 14-33.)

Here we have, *in Matthew himself*, seven different and distinct avowals that Christ is the Son of God, one of them being accompanied by the act of worshipping the divinity—in which act of adoration "all those that were in the ship" participated.

Why, then, should Jesus be particularly pleased, when Peter, *once more*, and as spokesman for the twelve, acknowleged the Son of God?

The thing is utterly unnatural and unbelievable.

We must remember that Peter was the senior disciple in age. We must remember that among the Jews, peculiar respect was paid by younger men to their elders. We must also bear in mind, that Peter was of an impulsive, forward temperament. Put these things together and you can readily understand why Peter is so often *the spokesman* of the twelve.

Consider the improbable form of the statement, "Thou art *Petros* and upon this *Petra* I will build my church."

Let me say, once for all, that I have no regard for the argument based upon the difference between *petros* and *petra* —the little rock and the big one.

After the most careful study of the matter, I am absolutely convinced that the entire passage about Simon Bar-Jona is forged. Christ never used such phraseology as the interpolation puts into his mouth.

In addressing John, the Master never begins, "Thou art John." Why should he?

In speaking to Judas, the Master never commences with, "Thou art Judas." Why should he?

In speaking to Peter, why should Christ tell him what his name is?

If Christ meant to do such *a stupendously important thing*, as to select Peter for his sole Vicar on earth, *why did he not proclaim it in words which could not be misunderstood;* and why did he not command the other disciples to accept Peter as their Lord?

Remember that it was *after* Christ is represented as having chosen Peter for the foundation of his church, that Christ foretold how Peter would deny Him in the hour of trial.

And it was just a little while *before* Peter was made "Prince of the Apostles," that Christ had rebuked Peter, had called him Satan, "a stumbling-block to me," and had ordered the culprit out of his sight!

In the other Gospels, and especially that of John, we have many instances where Christ was acknowledged by his disciples, and by others as the Son of God.

Therefore, it is beyond the power of human ingenuity for any one to explain *why* Christ was so profoundly gratified when "Simon Bar-Jona" *again* declared that the disciples received him as the Son of God.

Why should it be difficult to believe that the text of the New Testament has been tampered with?

The Popes themselves admitted that there were 80,000 errors in their copy. Scholars were commissioned to revise the text and to correct the errors. Wouldn't you like to see a list of those 80,000 errors?

Remember that during the imperial persecutions, the Roman emperors destroyed every Bible they could find. Remember, too, that the greater number of Christians in the early days were poor, illiterate people.

The copying of the Bible was a task involving great labor; and it cannot be wondered at that many verbal mistakes crept into the text.

As the priests had exclusive possession of the Bible, it was easy enough for them to change the text without being detected.

The report of the learned theologians who were appointed to revise the Latin Vulgate states:

"In order to avoid scandalizing the people, just as *we purposely changed certain things*, so we left purposely unchanged other things *which seemed to need to be changed*." (Italics mine.)

This amazing confession is found in nearly every edition of the Vulgate of Clement VIII., according to the scholarly A. Pirazzini, M. A.

Now bear in mind that these changes in the Scriptures were made before there was any translation of the Book from Latin and Greek into the languages of modern peoples, and *you can readily understand how these Romanist changes and forgeries found their way into Protestant Bibles.*

* * * * * *

The solitary passage in Matthew is in conflict with a former one, in the same Gospel, where Christ confers upon all the disciples the power to bind and to loose.

It is in conflict with the passage where Christ breathes the Holy Spirit upon all of the disciples.

It is in conflict with the passages in

which he tells them that the first shall be last and the last first.

It is in conflict with the passages in which he tells them that there shall be no princes among them, as there are among the Gentiles; but "whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

This positive prohibition of priority and primacy among the disciples is found in Matthew, in Mark, and in Luke.

Is it not incredible that Christ should afterwards name Peter as Prince of the Apostles, and that no protest should be heard from the others?

Is it not incredible that Mark, Luke and John should have known of the elevation of Peter above them all, and been silent about it in their Gospels?

Is it not incredible *that Peter*, after having been made primate and keyholder and rock-bottom of the Christian church, *should hint no such things in his writings, nor give any signs of precedence and superiority IN HIS WALK AND WORK?*

Christ had already told his disciples that "*if TWO of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven.*"

In short, Christ did all in his power to keep down rivalries and jealousies and heart-burnings among his disciples. *None was to be above another.* There should be no greater privilege and power in one, than in another. They were to dwell together in brotherly love and equality.

Lest one of them might pray for unreasonable things, *two* must agree and ask in concert—*an idea profoundly antagonistic to Popery.*

Some Additional Facts and Thoughts Concerning Foreign Missions

CHAPTER II.

LET the reader bear in mind that Brother Harris has been unable to introduce one single disinterested witness to prove that the missionaries are *Christianizing* the heathen. This fact ought to "give pause" to the most fanatical upholder of the Boards, of the Boards' editors, and of the Boards' obsequious apes "in the foreign field." Not one single disinterested witness will testify that China, Japan and India are accepting *our religion.*

They are glad to get our scientific training, our medical and surgical knowledge, our Western education and our Western methods in money-making affairs, but that is all. They do not want our religion; they do not comprehend our Trinity; they abhor our "fountain filled with blood;" they despise our female preachers as heartily as the Apostle Paul would have done; they reject our dogma of eternal hell, and of the everlasting damnation of all the billions of human creatures who did not have, and never will have, the opportunity to hear of Christ.

To our credit be it said, that there never was a people who had such a perfectly awful and densely populated hell as we have got. In lurid, maddening terror and black hopelessness and inexpressible torments, *our* Hell superbly surpasses any other hell ever conceived by the finite mind. We not only gloat over it in hymns, prayers and sermons, but we go into poetic ecstacies over it—as in Dante and Milton.

But this Hell of ours—ruled by a personal Devil, and necessarily filled by so many myriads of men, women and children—is a heavy strain upon the credulity of the chop-suey Chink, and the vegetarian Hindoo. So much so, indeed, that they reject it—to the eternal damnation of their souls.

Consequently, every *honest and disinterested* witness offered by the foreign missionaries, is careful to confine his testimony to *the material benefit* derived by the heathen from our missionary system. Scan the evidence of Stevenson, the novelist; Bryce, the historian; Sir Charles Warren, English administrator, and others, and you will see that this is so.

On the contrary, how easy it would be to quote honest and disinterested administrators, like Sir Robert Hart, *against* the foreign missionaries! How easy it would be to quote officers and privates of the armies of Europe and America! How easy to quote ship-captains and sailors!

More than that, it is easy to quote missionaries themselves—*missionaries who have given the thing a fair trial, and thrown it up in disgust.*

Bear in mind, I have never contended that our schools, hospitals, technological institutes, dairy farms, dispensaries, orphanages, and homes for the destitute, work no benefit to the heathen. It would be silly for me to deny that charitable and educational establishments are a blessing to the poor, and to the illiterate. It would be silly for me to contend that skilful surgeons and physicians and dentists and trained nurses and good medicine are not as much a boon to suffering humanity in the East, as they are in the West.

No such proposition has ever been put forward by me. The point I raise is, that neither Scriptural *precept*, nor Apostolic *example*, can be pleaded in

defense of so monstrous a system as William Carey introduced, a few generations ago—a system which fastens upon Christendom the burden of doing the charitable and educational duty of non-Christian nations, and of transplanting throughout the Orient the scientific, mechanical, industrial, social and political system of the Occident.

There is no Gospel enjoining it, no Apostolic precedent leading the way to it, no common sense in it, and no results vindicating the stupendous cost of it.

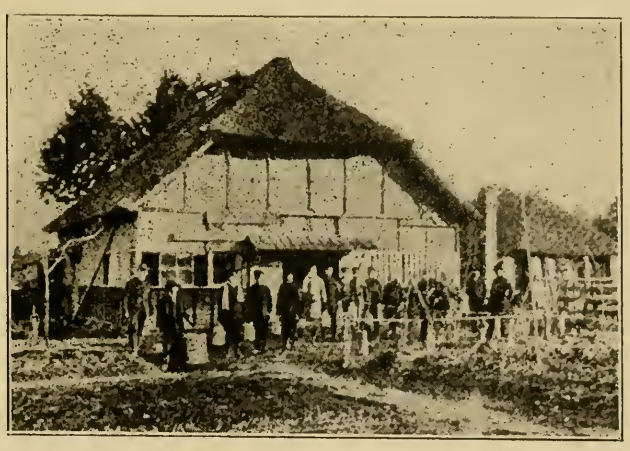
* * * * *

Let me introduce a few disinterested, intelligent and impartial witnesses. They will be men of respectability, Christians of unimpeachable character. They wrote books of travel, describing what they saw. They did not travel *for*, or against, missions. They were not globe-trotting office-seekers, whose words were to be read by voters here at home. They were tourists who looked upon missions as they did upon other things worthy of notice and comment, as they travelled over the world. Surely such evidence is more trustworthy than that of chronic politicians, interested employes, confirmed partisans, and men whose minds were made up before they investigated.

I will use, first, the book entitled *China in Decay*, by Alexis Krause, the publishers being Chapman & Hall, London, England. My copy is one of the third edition, date 1900.

This volume contains more than 400 pages, and is a mine of information.

On page 74, we are told that Roman Catholic missionaries began work in China some 300 years ago. The first Protestant missionaries were Robert Morrison and Wells Williams who entered the country in 1807.



Here is where we run a dairy farm—we foreign missionaries.

On page 377, we find the author's matured conviction on the subject of the foreign missionaries:

"The Chinaman does not want our religion. His own curious superstition suits him exactly. He does not make a good convert, and his dislike of the proselyting emissaries is accentuated by the utter lack of tact they generally show in their relations with him. Not content with endeavoring to force their creed upon the Celestial, they seek to interfere with his prejudices and opinions, and have come to be regarded not without reason, as *the forerunner of the explorer* and concession-hunter, who, alone, are *more disliked than they.*

"Is it not time *the missionary farce* were discontinued?

"It has wrought enough mischief in its time, and far better openings could be found for the hundreds of thousands of pounds which are annually *wasted in futile attempts to regenerate the Chinaman.*" (Italics mine.)

Continuing, Mr. Krause says—

"The connection between the missionaries and the present crisis"—Boxer uprising—"is too evident to call for comment. Indeed, well-nigh every rising in recent years has been due to the attitude of these good men. It is truly remarkable to note how little friction has arisen between the Chinese and the European trading community. *It is nearly always the missionary, who is at the bottom of a Celestial outbreak.*"

Such is the deliberate disinterested opinion of an Englishman who has carefully studied missionary work and its results. Ought not his evidence to outweigh that of a man who draws money from the system, or one who caters to public sentiment?

Let us consult other impartial authorities:

Here is the book of Harold E. Gorst, published in London; date, 1899: Sands & Company.

Mr. Gorst has one chapter headed, "*THE MISSIONARY TROUBLE*"—a very cheerful title, under the circumstances. It really would seem that wherever the William Carey methods uproot those of the Apostle Paul, trouble begins, right then and there. Especially is this the case where long-legged, slender-necked and limber-tongued women missionaries mix in the scrapping.

Mr. Gorst deposes and says—

"A burning question, and one which causes as much anxiety to the Treaty Powers as to the Chinese government, is the conduct of missionary enterprise in the Middle Kingdom.

"The missionaries who are 'subject to a Master higher than any statesman or diplomatist of this world,' have established themselves in China, and carry on their propaganda with an almost reckless disregard of international consequences."

* * * When it is seen that the principal object of the missionaries is to root out the most ancient and revered national customs, these feelings are naturally intensified. The foreigners, themselves, are in many cases foolish enough to interfere with the public functionaries on behalf of the Christian converts who have been brought before the tribunals. It often happens, for instance, that a Chinaman who has adopted the new faith and has consequently been compelled to break with the family community, becomes involved in a dispute as to his share of the inheritance, which he naturally wishes to take with him. The disputants will perhaps bring the matter before a magistrate; and the missionary, actuated no doubt by the best of motives, and merely to see fair play, puts in his oar on behalf of his protege. It is unnecessary to point out the consequences of such an act, or to dilate on the impolicy and tactlessness—to use no stronger term—of interfering with the course of justice—or injustice—in a foreign country; particularly, one might add, in a country which guards the integrity of its institutions with such jealous pride as China. (From "China" by Harold E. Gorst, page 177.)

* * * These poor girls know nothing of the manners and customs of the country to which they are transported. They arrive, full of zeal and enthusiasm, eager for the work of converting the heathen, and are dispatched to the interior in batches of ten or twelve, clad in Chinese dress and under the escort of a man. No proceeding could be more calculated to shock the modesty and violate the traditional usuages of the natives. It would be most improper for a wife to gad about openly with her husband in a country where it is even considered indecorous for two intimate friends to mention in conversation the mere existence of a female relation. In the opinion of the Chinese the proper place for woman is the domestic hearth, and no good is likely to come of taking her out of her sphere; a lesson which the men of the West are learning by bitter experience. But for unmarried girls to travel round with a man is an outrage to morality. Such highly indecent conduct can have, they think, but one meaning; and they do not need the cartoons of the literati to point it out to them. Their own nunneries and monasteries have for the most part an evil reputation; and on

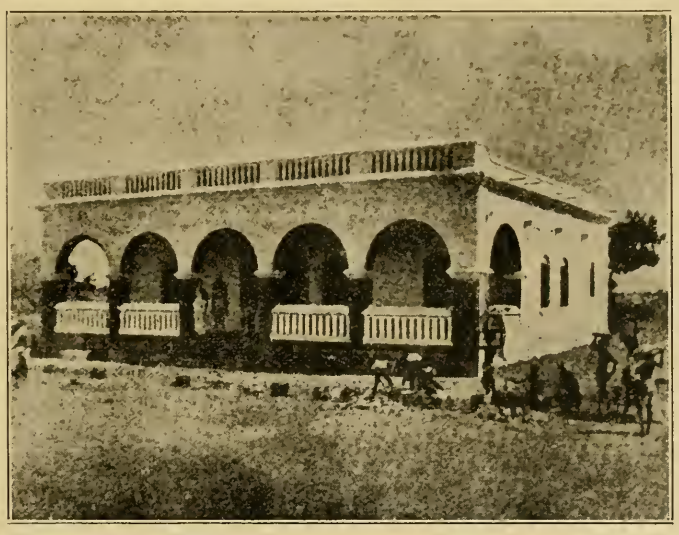
that account they are the more predisposed to believe no better of the Christian missions, where unmarried people of both sexes are permitted to live under one roof. (From "China," by Harold E. Gorst. Page 180.)

Another unbiased witness against foreign missionaries is Mr. Angus Hamilton, whose book on Korea was published by Scribner & Son, in 1904. Mr. Hamilton says:

The American missionary has a salary which frequently exceeds $1,200 a year, and is invariably plasantly supplmented by additional allowances. Houses and servants are provided free, or grants are made for house rent; there is provision for the education of the children, and an annual capitation payment is made for each child. As a class, American missionaries have large families, who live in comparative idleness and luxury. In Korea, they own the most attractive and commodious houses in the foreign settlemnts, and appear to me to extract from their surroundings the maximum of profit for the minimum of labor. I do not knew whether it is with the permission of the Executive officers of the American Mission Boards that their representatives combine commerce with their mission to the neathen. When a missionary devotes no little of his time to literary labors, to the care of an insurance agency, to the needs of a fruit farm, or to the manifold exigencies of casual commerce, it seems to me that the interests of those who sit in darkness must suffer. (From "Korea," by Angus Hamilton, pp. 264-265.)

Substantiating my contention in a remarkable manner, comes Maj.-Gen. James H. Wilson, late of the U. S. A., whose book was published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1906. Read carefully what General Wilson says, on page 321—

It is quite the custom of merchants and secular people generally to minimize the services and utility of the missionaries in China, and, so far as the making of intelligent and genuine converts to Christianity is concerned, it must be admitted that the results are somewhat discouraging; but when it is considered that the brave men and women of all denominations, who are carrying the gospel to every town and district in the empire, and are the advanceguard of a higher and better civilization, and are gradually teaching the Chinese that the foreigners are not "devils," but intelligent and kindly people, striving to do them good and not evil, and that many of them not only understand the precepts of "the sages and philosophers," but teach even a higher form of humanity, it will be seen that their labors are far from wasted. If, in addition to the hospitals and primary schools, which constitute so large a part of the working machinery of the missionaries, they could have a system of technological schools, or at least a series of lectures upon science and mechanics, with apparatus and machinery established in



This is one of our foreign mission houses.

the larger cities, and made free for all to attend, the aim being to show that the arts and sciences of foreigners are better than those of the Chinese, I do not doubt that in the end Christian truth and morals would find a much more ready lodgment than they now find in the native mind. Up to the present time no Chinaman belonging to the literary class could be induced to openly attend a Christian meeting or listen to a Christian teacher. Serene in the conviction that there never was a greater sage and philosopher than Confucius, with the writings of whom he is well acquainted, he thinks it absurd to waste time with any one who claims to bring him "good tidings of great joy," whether they come from Christ of Buddha. Nominally, the religion of the latter is adopted and practised by many people in China,

Samples of the huts we foreign missionaries have to live in.

but so far as I could see it is not a living cult, nor are the Chinese a religious people in any sense whatever. (From "China," by James Harrison Wilson, pp. 321-322.)

On page 269, Gen. Wilson states:

There was a flourishing American mission in this region, at a town called Pang Chia-Chwang, when I passed through it. It has an excellent hospital and school attached, and had gained much favor with the simple-minded natives by the success and kindnesses of **its medical and surgical ministrations, which were, of course, free to all comers.** (From "China," by James Harrison Wilson, A. M. LL. D., page 268.)

Gen. Wilson was in command of the American troops during the Boxer outbreak, and he is a witness who meant to be friendly to the missionaries.

Once more, I repeat that not a single disinterested witness can be produced who will say that our preachers, teachers, doctors, dentists, nurses, musicmasters, industrial trainers, etc., are *Christianizing* the nations, that believe in Mahomet, Buddha and Confucius. From the earliest travellers to the latest, the testimony is ever the same: our *methods* are being introduced, but our *religion* is not.

To make the proofs against the Carey-missions conclusive, we have only to give due weight to the word of missionaries who have tried the Carey-plan, found it a dismal failure, and courageously reported the verdict to the "Boards." What do the Boards do with missionaries of *that* type? The Boards silence *such* missionaries, if possible; and if such disturbers of the system's peace cannot be silenced, they are "broken," no matter how long and faithful have been their service.

(See Dr. J. A. Scarboro's "*Bible Baptists and Boards System.*" Also, Milburn's "Missions and Missionary Methods." Also, Foster's "Fifty Years in China.")

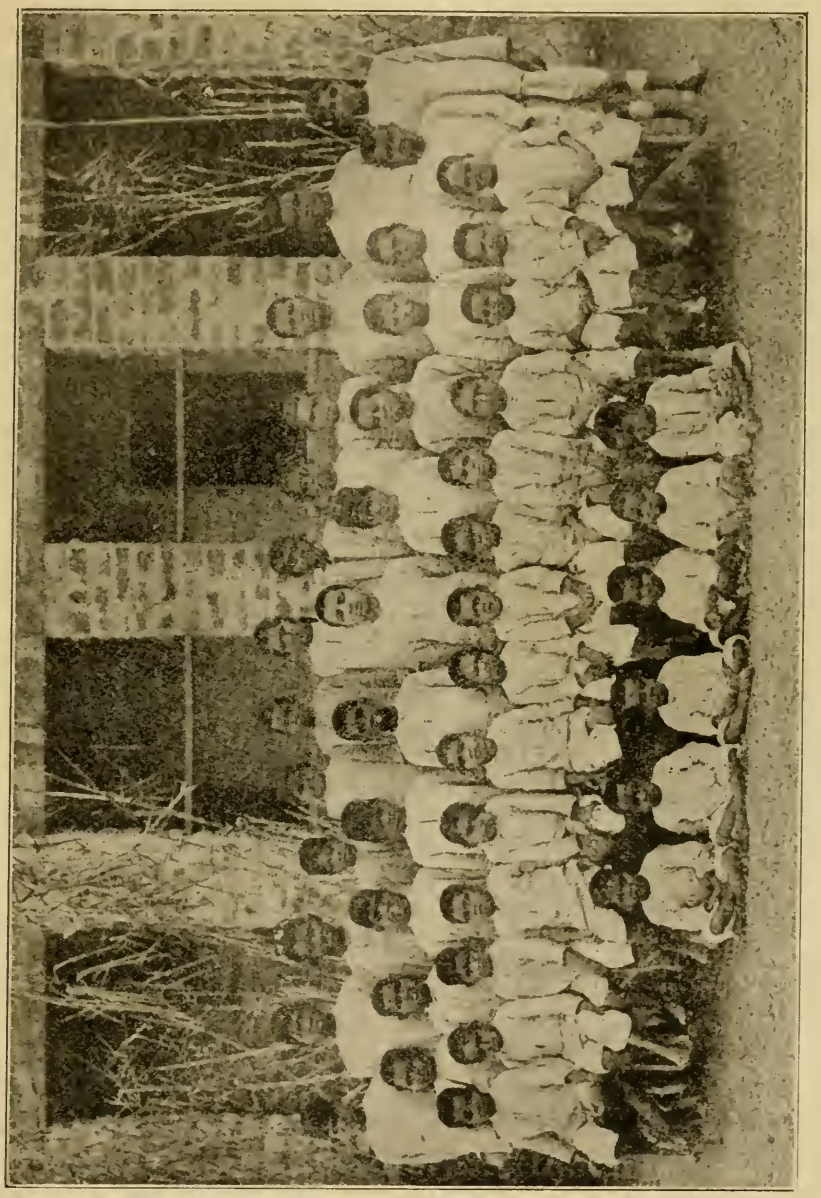
In the year 1909, one of the most prominent missionaries quit the Chinese field; and, in doing so, published his reasons. Rev. Dr. Angust H. Bach (then of Los Angeles) had no selfish motive for abandoning the work, or for making the statements which he gave out in reference to it. So far as I know, Dr. Bach's character as a man and as a missionary, has never been assailed. This being so, his evidence is of the utmost importance, for it is the result of *twelve years experience* as a foreign missionary.

Remember, too, that Dr. Bach simply *corroborates the testimony of EVERY OTHER IMPARTIAL WITNESS.*

For God's sake—for Humanity's sake! let us get at *the truth* in this matter. With the American heathen and lost all around us, with our neglected

sick and the starving children making unheeded appeals for help; with a million boys and girls slaving their little lives out in the mines and mills; with the oncoming generation condemned to poverty, illiteracy, and irreligion—is it not time—oh, *is it not time* that we ceased to be blind and deaf to *THE TRUTH?*

Are you going to sacrifice the needy millions of our own flesh and blood, in order that a few thousand missionaries *who could not get good jobs in this country*, shall continue to live in ease and luxury in China? Shall the high-priced officials of the Boards always stifle the voice of Scripture, of Apostolic precept and of robust Common



Here is a crowd of Hindoo orphans—a sample of foreign missionary charity work.

Sense? Shall we forever listen to none but the interested missionary who is left to give his own evidence, *in his own behalf*, and in his own way, *without cross-examination*, and without a business investigation of his alleged activities in that far-off field?

With this much by way of prelude, let us carefully consider the statements of the Rev. Dr. Angust Bach, *whom no man has offered to impeach.*

I will take the story just as it is found in the newspapers of September, 1909.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 27.—"China will never be Christianized." This is the belief of the Rev. August H. Bach, a missionary of Canton province, China, who is now in Los Angeles and who has spent most of his time for some months in studying mission conditions on the Pacific coast.

As a missionary the Rev. Mr. Bach served twelve years among the Chinese. During that time he studied them closely, their manners, customs and habits. He is probably as well versed in Chinese lore as any white man of the Orient, and, knowing the Chinese as he does, he declares that the Christian churches of the world are wasting thousands of dollars every year in China through a wrong way of doing mission work.

Here are some of the hard facts which he sets forth for the consideration of the hundreds of churches which annually pour their contributions into the Chinese mission field.

Chinese Soul Life.

"The religion of today in China is Confucianism among the educated classes and absolute theism among the working people," asserts the Rev. Mr. Bach. "Chinese government favors both, and they satisfy Chinese soul life. Christianity is considered as 'foreign,' and therefore officially bad. No boy of a Christian collge is admitted to examinations.

Foreign mission work. Teaching young Japs to set type.

"It can be said that by means of the new school Confucianism will be revived and form the established religion of China. By that Christianity has run up against a brick wall. After twelve years of work among the Chinese I may say that the longer a white man lives in China the more willing he is to admit that he knows less and less about the heart of the Celestial.

"If we can not control Chinese to the uttermost they like only too well to use the missions as a means of advancing their own personal interests, and the missionary sees too late that his success has only been an imaginary one.

"One great hindrance in working in China is the different denominations whose special doctrines are brought over. What shall John Chinaman do but laugh when one missionary wants to immerse, the

second to sprinkle, while the third advocates no baptism at all; the fourth asks him to keep Sunday, and the next one condemns them all and teaches that keeping of Saturday will open the golden gate.

"The Chinese, smart as they are, only like to take advantage of these circumstances, and the cunning and deception of the Oriental have been pitted against the Christian forces, and in many cases Christianity has come off second best. In a good, many stations nine out of ten return to their old form of worship as soon as the mission does not offer any practical advantage.

medical missions. Mission societies all over the world are spending thousands of dollars annually on hospitals for the Chinese; they send over medicines, and not one Chinese is in doubt that his native medicines are much better. And white people believe that too; if not, how could Chinese doctors here in Los Angeles, in selling Chinese medical herbs, make a great deal more money than white doctors. Now, does it not seem ridiculous to think that we are sending great quantities of medicines to serve a people whose own medicines we pay large prices for in our cities?

Foreign mission work. Here we teach the heathen how to make modern chairs.

Desert the Church.

"For nine years I mostly worked on educational lines, and found the Chinese very smart students. Yet out of the six hundred or seven hundred students not one remained a Christian, but as soon as there was opportunity to go in government service they forgot all about Christian teaching and changed into good Confucianists.

"Mission schools, worked and kept up by foreign money, are much liked by the Chinese, because they get education without paying for tuition, and have a white man as friend if any official tries to squeeze some dollars out of them. I am convinced that any money for mission schools is simply wasted. If the Chinese want Western learning let them pay for it.

"Just as little sympathy I feel for the

Oriental Civilization.

"Still less I might think of those who want to work on civilization lines. It is ten to one that the first Chinese they meet upon their arrival will be highly polished and far advanced in Oriental civilization. Take that man out of his place and make him 'half and half' and he is good for nothing. Nothing is worse than a half Americanized Chinese, and missions which go out for the civilization methods are neither Christian nor missions, and ought not to be supported by the churches.

"Now, there are some missionaries who simply bring the Bible to the people. Is their success better or worse than the success of the industrial, medical or ethical missionary? Yes and no. Yes, because he may find very many who stay with him for any length of time.

"I highly esteem the fact that hundreds

of Christians died in the Boxer troubles, but in the same time many sacrificed to their idols. A Chinese may astonish you by the way he takes in Christian teaching, and by and by show that his Christianity was only an outward show.

"I remember a Chinese pastor who for more than thirty years preached daily, and yet one day before his death he confessed that all the time he had worshipped his idols, too, and he wanted to be buried in a heathen way. Yet at tne same time Christians of one year's standing suffered martyrdom gladly.

"One Chinese Christian, I remember, was a handsome fellow with the most polished manners. He seemed to be thoroughly good and trustworthy, and I would have banked anything upon his honesty and integrity. One morning I woke up to find that he had been arrested as a murderer and pirate. They produced the indisputable facts of his guilt. I was utterly dumfounded. This man was in the daytime a clean, honest gentleman, but at dark he girded his daggers and pistols and become a murderer. He had been doing this for a long time."

Think of the tremendous significance of *these facts!*

A Chinese "convert" had been preaching Christ for 30 years, and had been one of the shining lights of missionary success.

The missionaries drew salaries while converting him, *and he drew a yearly salary for 30 years, WHILE PRETENDING TO BE A CONVERT;* yet, all the while, he remained an idol-worshipping heathen!

Was *that* fact stated in any of the missionary letters to *Missionary Tidings*, *The Missionary Voice*, or the *Christian Herald?*

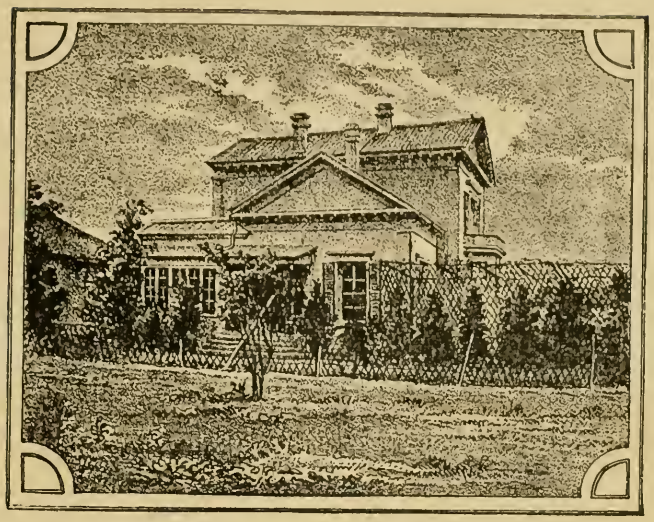
No, indeed. All such disillusioning facts as that are held back—just as the seduction of girl missionaries, by Jap and Chink "converts" was concealed, until *the awful case of General Seigel's grand-daughter TORE THE COVER OFF.*

Teaching the Chinks how to run printing presses. Mission work.

Dr. Bach also mentions a convert—a "handsome fellow with the most polished manners," who turned out to be a murderer and a pirate!

If such frauds can be practised on the missionaries, of what value are their "statistics?"

In every glowing report which come from China, to gladden American hearts and to open American purses, how many murderers are numbered?



Another one of our foreign missionary hovels.

how many pirates? how many preachers who divide their devotions between Christ and the idols?

Let us hear what else the Rev. Dr. Bach has to say:

Revival of Confucianism.

"It seems that since the Russo-Japanese war Confucianism has revived in a wonderful way. Officials, students and scholars united to give Confucianism a new lift up. But they are the leaders of the common people, and as long as they are hostile against Christianity, Christianity can make but very slow progress, if any progress at all.

"We do not know the earth—how can we know heaven?' is a saying of Confucius, and a common reply to the missionary.

"Another reason which makes the Chinese hostile to missionary enterprises is that white men have not always shown themselves true to their profession. White man and Christian is the same for any Chinese. The Chinese if they are Moham-

Foreign missionaries—three at a time—working on an old nigger. Seems to have a misery in his head.

madens or Buddhist, Confusianist or Taoist, forbid the drinking of intoxicating liquors. Therefore, it is considered very bad to get drunk. Many white people in the East, soldiers and sailors especially, get drunk and act in foolish ways. Then the Chinese will carefully call your attention to these men and say that if this is the outcome of Christianity they will rather have none of it.

"Foreign" Money Only.

"Mission work in China, with its churches, schools, institutions for deaf and dumb, hospitals, etc., looks very nice to an outsider, but one feels sore to know that all these institutions are kept up by foreign money and break down the very day that money fails to come. If the Chinese had any use for them they could keep them up by themselves, because China is a big nation."

Isn't that enough to make you *think?* Dr. Bach aserts that all those missionary institutions in China "break down the very day that money"—our money —"fails to come."

Could there be any better evidence that *Christ* is not in those institutions? Did foreign money have to support and perpetuate the institutions of the Apostles? Did the mission work of the Primitive Church travel on the finances?

Asked about missionary work among the Chinese in this country, Dr. Bach answered:

"Chinese missions in this country are mostly worked by young ladies. I am not doubting for a moment that their reasons for work among the Chinese are of the highest kind, but at the same time I cannot see any practical result. If men, like Griffith John, Hurson Taylor, Moule, etc., after lifelong work among the Chinese have to confess that they have not yet found any clew to a better understanding of the Chinese mind, how can young ladies of this country who never took the trouble of earnestly studying Chinese ways expect that their work is of any lasting success?

"If missionaries in China who speak the language and are absolutely acquainted with the daily life of the Chinese, who in all cases observe Chinese rules and etiquette **cannot see very much of real success**, how much less people here in this country, who know nothing at all about language and things Chinese, who are ignorant of the laws by which every Chinese regulates his conduct and who unknowingly lower themselves in estimation of Chinese because they unwittingly violate the moral and social laws of China!

Rules of Etiquette.

"Out of many things here is one: Shaking hands between members of opposite sexes in China is unheard of and would be a horrible violation of the moral beliefs. Any Chinese girl or white mission woman in China who would violate etiquette in this manner would be banished form decent society in China. A voyage across the Pacific does not change the moral laws in the heart of a Chinese, and I cannot see how he could esteem a woman for an action when he would despise her for the same action in China.

"It is hard, more than hard, to convince the mission ladies of their wrong, and even better men than myself have had to give it up."

Each Chinaman in America demands a separate girl, or woman teacher. Why? Dr. Bach hints at the reason; and the horrible fate of poor Elsie Seigel showed *what it is.*

One of the places where we foreign missionaries give away medicine.

Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 12

My Dear P. of the B.

YOU are no doubt conversant with the history of the 1000 islands, in the far Pacific, which are called the Philippines—so named, in honor of Philip II. of Spain, whose greatest happiness it was to attend the burning to death of those Spaniards who could not be brought to believe that a dozen Latin words, mumbled by a priest, could change a piece of bread into the body of Christ.

You therefore know that this Eastern archipelago was "discovered" by Magellan, the navigator who succeeded in finding the water-way to the East by way of the West, which Columbus was vainly seeking when he stumbled upon the West Indies.

We do not know to what extent the inhabitants of those Islands had enjoyed life, previous to the "discovery" by the Spanish Christians, in the year 1519; but we have a fairly accurate idea of the torments they have suffered ever since King Philip set about their "conversion" in 1555.

This most orthodox monarch, in casting about for the best agents to bring the Islanders over to Holy Church and the Holy Father, chose the friars. In this selection the Papa heartily concurred. No instruments more fitting could be desired.

The friars weer solemnly sworn to *live as eunuchs*, letting the women alone, even as St. Anthony and Simeon Stylites did. (Carlyle, Ruskin and Randolph of Roanoke, also did it—but that's neither here nor there.)

The friars were also deeply *sworn to poverty*. They were commissioned to lay up treasures in Heaven, only, where moths do not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal.

These consecrated, self-denying friars were not even allowed to own the very clothes they wore. Their oaths bound them to own *nothing*.

Hence King Philip, who was a stingy soul, chose these friars as the most inexpensive Romanist machinery which he could establish in the Islands. They did not cost Spain a ducat: what they cost the Filipinos is a hideous story, written in blood, in chains, in torture-chambers, in untimely graves, in crimes that appal humanity.

Cardinal Gibbons, are you familiar with the black record?

Do you not know that the order of the Spanish King authorized those Roman friars to "convert" the natives "*by force of arms*," when milder measures failed?

Do you not know what butcheries were committed, under that royal order, by Sanish troops at the instigation of the friars?

In those remote Islands, too far away for European eye to see or European ear to hear, deeds were done in the name of Christ that were fiendish enough to gladden the imps of the Pit.

In my last letter to you, my Prince, liberal extracts were quoted from the Message of the President of the United States, transmitting to Congress the official Report of the Secretary of War, relative to the Philippine Islands. This Message was sent from the Executive Mansion, Feb. 25, 1901—William McKinley being President.

Cardinal, that Message is, in effect, as frightful an indictment of your Romish *system* as Erasmus ever published, as Luther ever fulminated, as Henry VIII. ever put on record, as any ex-priest ever hurled at your head.

Erasmus your Papa dared not burn:

it was too late: the embers still glowed beneath the ashes where he burned Jerome, and Huss, and Bruno, and Savonarola.

Luther could not be burned, for the German princes put the steel girdle of their swords around him, and would not yield him up to the fires of papal hate.

Henry VIII. your Papa could not burn, because he was a King, and the day had passed when a haughty Pope could dethrone and degrade a monarch.

Ex-priests have been shot, and have been poisoned, and have been sandbagged, and have been drowned, and have been shut up in dungeons whence no sound can be heard—but yet the ex-priest is ever with us, and his indictment against you. Cardinal, cries aloud to the God on High!

But never did King or prelate arraign you more sweepingly, more convincingly, more unanswerably, than your system is arraigned in President McKinley's Message to Congress.

Mark you, my Prince! Your system had been in full control of the Philipine Islands for *more than* 300 *years*. The field was yours. No heretic was there to make a note of discord. It was *death*, not to be a Roman Catholic!

Yours, the ground; yours, the tree; yours, the fruit!

What was that fruit, as disclosed by *the undisputed evidence* of all the witnesses before the Taft Commission?

(1.) *Sworn to poverty*, your friars had robbed the natives of their best lands and had enriched themselves at the expense of their helpless converts;

(2.) *Sworn to chastity*, your friars had satiated their swinish lusts upon the wives and daughters of their "converts," until no woman was safe;

(3.) *Sworn to Christian duties and responsibilities*, your friars had banished the Bible, had kept the natives in ignorance, had imposed upon them with all sorts of unjust taxes, fees, forced labor and contemptuous mistreatment.

No wonder the miserable victims of priestly greed and lust, flamed out into desperate insurrection—determined to die in arms rather than submit longer to these intolerable wrongs.

Cardinal, have you run your eyes over Taft's report to McKinley, and McKinley's report to Congress? It is Senate Document No. 190, 2nd session, 56th Congress, Elihu Root being Secretary of War at the time.

My Prince, you should read the entire record of that fearful investigation.

The facts therein revealed on oath corroborate Erasmus, Savonarola, Luther, Henry VIII., Count C. P. DeLasteyrie, Justin D. Fulton, Father Chiniquy, Joseph McCabe, William Hogan, Margaret Shepherd, the Nun of Kenmare, Freisenborg, Manuel Ferrando, P. A. Seguin, Maria Monk, and all the host of other witnesses who have testified against *your damnable system.*

Cardinal, you will find that official Report of Taft quoted and substantiated in the book entitled, *The Philippines and the Far East*, by Homer C. Stuntz (1904) who lived two years in the Islands.

Mr. Stuntz says that Governor Taft's witnesses were "bishops, priests, friars, doctors, lawyers, teachers, business men, all residents of the Philippines."

Now, let me simplify matters by following Mr. Stuntz in his selections from the mass of testimony presented to the Taft Commission, and in his enumeration of the causes that led to the insurrection of the natives against the Romanists.

First, Mr. Stuntz proves by the evidence that the hatred borne to the friars *was universal.* He cites the lawyer, Constantino, p. 151 Sen. Doc. 190.

This universal hatred was engendered by—

(1.) The Romanist greed for land, and for rack-rents from the natives.

For instance, one of the orders that was bound by the vows to poverty had seized *one* tract of land that was 28 *miles long, by* 14 *miles wide.*

Nice little poor-farm, wasn't it Cardinal?

In all, these sworn paupers of Rome had appropriated 403,000 acres of the very choicest land in the Islands, and were rack-renting 60,000 native "converts"—doing it, of course, in the name of God, and for the glory of the Virgin Mary.

This land had been earned, principally, by praying souls out of "pugaterry," putting oil on the dying, and granting pardons for sin. Breath, and not money, paid for the soil held by these sworn paupers—much of the breath being heavily encumbered by whiskey and tobacco.

It was to extinguish fraudulent titles thus obtained that Roosevelt, Taft and Root agreed to pay the paupers $18. per acre for their arable dirt, $7,000,000 total!

Secondly, Mr. Stuntz found that the Romanists were hated by the natives—

"*Because they stifled all liberty of thought, or freedom of speech, in matters religious AND POLITICAL.*"

There was a Spanish law which *made it a crime* to teach any other religion than the Roman Catholic. (Section 226 Penal Code.)

So late as 1896, the Romanists were relentlessly persecuting and murdering such Filipino patriots as Dr. Jose Rizal, an educated and very brilliant man, *whose only crime was his independence of thought and speech.* (Shot in Manila, Dec. 30, 1896, while hundreds of Romanist friars looked on, smiling as they puffed their cigars.)

The third cause of the hatred of the natives for the Romanists was—

"*Their insatiable greed for money.*"

The evidence is, that the sworn paupers charged money for masses, indulgences, bulas, pictures, books, chaplets, benedictions, marriages, baptisms, burials, confessions of the dying, etc.

It can hardly be credited that these poverty-vowing disciples of Jesus charged $15. for giving Christian interment to the corpse of a native!

Sometimes, the friars forced the sacristans "to hang the corpse publicly, so that the relatives may be thus compelled to seek the fees somewhere, sufficient to bury the corpse." (Stuntz, p. 109, quoting testimony of Senor Maximo Viola before the Civil Commission.)

The fourth cause of the intense and universal hatred was—

"*The immorality of the friars.*"

Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh was sent to the Islands as the correspondent of *The Outlook*, the magazine of which Mr. Roosevelt is now one of the editors.

Mr. Whitmarsh was made Governor of the Hill Province at Benguest in the Philippines.

The Commission inquired of him the grounds of the hostility of the natives to the Romanist friars. He replied:

"*Mainly, that the priests held them under, oppressed them, robbed them, AND USED THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS JUST AS THEY PLEASED.*"

There it is, in a nut-shell: simple, terse, complete, damning!

What about it, Cardinal?

That's what your Roman *system* does, and always has done, whenever it has gained the upper hand.

It keeps the people under, it oppresses them, it robs them, *and it uses their wives and daughters just as they please.*

The Philippines was no isolated case: it was *a typical demonstration*, my Prince.

Lest we forget, my Prince, I will re-state what was proved against your *system*, in the Philippines, after it had

had full swing *for more than* 300 *years*:

General R. P. Hughes, of the United States Army, testified that there was no morality—"*not a particle*"—among your Romanist priests.

Attorney-General Torres swore that your Romanist priests "have condemned, *in their preachings and in their private conversations*, *EVERY DESIRE FOR CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION*," among the natives.

General Torres further testified that they—the priests—"*abused all kinds of females, without distinction of class or age.*"

Jose Templo, speaking for himself *and as chosen representative of his city of Lipa*, accused your Romanist friars of being "*THE CORRUPTORS OF YOUTH.*"

He further made the terrible charge that, "in the administration of the sacraments they exercised only the penitential as in these *they experienced pleasures and delights THROUGH THEIR SHAMELESS AND INCREDIBLE SOLICITATIONS.*"

To avoid misrepresentation, I will quote the words of this *unimpeached and uncontradicted* witness:

In Lenten time, which was the period **when the country folk came in to confess,** the parish friar would give strict orders to the scribes of the church to the end that in the distribution or giving of the certificates to the penitents among himself and the coadjutors, **they should give him the young unmarried country women and servant penitents, whom he obscenely solicited through words and manipulations in the confessional, which they always had cornered and buried in the darkest part of the church.** Is a proof of this desired as clear as the light of mid-day? Here are the thousands of solicited females, of which **I have some examples in my house,** ready to depose if necessary in accordance with what is here denounced.

* * * * * *

Q. What do you think is the chief ground for hostility to the friars as parish priests?

A. **The abuses, tyrannies, and countless immoralities committed safely.** I say "safely" because in the Philippines **no one could call the friar to account for his acts.** And if any governor allowed himself at any time to bridle his friars his rashness cost him dearly, **he being discharged from his office.**—Pages 202, 209, 210.

Don Jose C. Mijares had lived in the Islands 63 years: he testified:

The friar curates, usurping the attributes of the local authorities, not only intervened but exercised joint action with the said authorities in the three branches, administrative, judicial and economical. The gobernadorcillo or justice of the peace who should have dared to disobey the curate friar was certain to land in jail within a few days if he were not deported, to which end the reverend friars always had on hand, like a panacea against them, the accusation of being a filibusterer and anti-Spanish.

The heads of the Spanish government, to the detriment of their dignity, became servile tools, because they knew that the friars, with the powerful lever of their money treasured up in the convents of Manila, **were above the law; THEREFORE, MORE POWERFUL THAN THE VERY GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE ISLANDS.**

General Torres said:

It can be asserted without exaggeration that the friars have been and are a fatal hindrance to the advancement, moral and material, of this country, from the very fact that they have devoted themselves to keeping this society in ignorance, as though it lived in the middle ages or in the mediaeval epoch of remote centuries; and lastly, as priests and curates, the majority of them were living examples of immorality, of disorder in the towns.

General Torres further stated:

In many pueblos the concubines and children of the friars were publicly known and pointed out, and the colleges existing in this capital used to be, and still are, filled with youths of both sexes whose features reveal their origin and birth.

Ambrosia Flories said:

A. The reasons for this hostility were many. In the first place, the haughty, overbearing, despotic manner of the friars. Then the question of the haciendas, because the conditions of their tenantry were very terrible. **Then there was the fact of the fear which beset every man, even those who through fear were nearest to the friars, that if his eyes should light upon his wife or his daughter in an envious**

way that if he did not give them up he was lost. **ANOTHER REASON WAS THAT THEY WERE INIMICAL TO EDUCATING THE PEOPLE.** Then, again, because of the parish fees, because they were very excessive, always compelling the rich to have the greatest amount of ceremony in their weddings, baptisms and interments—whether they wanted it or not—and cost them thereby a good deal, and if they did not accede to the payment they would say they were Masons or filibusters.

Pedro Lurano Laktaw swore that *the immorality of the Filipinos grew worse and worse, THE NEARER ONE APPROACHED TO THE CONVENTS.*

Senor Nozarino Constantino testified, concerning the priests:

If they should desire the wife or daughter of a man, and the husband and father opposed such advances, they would endeavor to have the man deported by bringing up false charges of being a filibuster or a Mason, and after succeeding in getting rid of the husband, they would, by foul or fair means, accomplish their purposes.

All the evidence discloses "*the immense wealth*" which these sworn-to-poverty friars had accumulated. By the corrupt use of this ill-gotten wealth, the holy paupers bribed officials, in the Islands, or in Spain, and thus maintained their irresistible power to wring more, *and more, AND MORE*, from the miserable natives.

The evidence is that *the Islanders could read and write* their own language, before the Spaniards and the friars came to "discover" the archipelago.

Afterwards, the natives were systematically mistreated, degraded, deprived of education and debauched morally, in the manner described by the witnesses.

What have you to say about it, Cardinal?

You want another THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF LOOT, for your Italian Papa, don't you?

With unctious persuasiveness, you argue against the grant of self-government to these Islanders.

You say that we must dishonor our forefathers, spurn our Declaration of Independence, break the assurances that we gave to the world and the promises we have made to the Islanders.

You say that the natives are not *yet* prepared for self-government.

Whose fault is *that*, my Prince?

Your political corporation has had them in custody and tutelage for three centuries: how many more hundreds of years do you demand?

P. S. Do not forget, my Prince, that your Romanist priests, *as shown by undisputed testimony*, claimed and exercised the feudal right known in fuedal law as the *jus prima noctis*—that is, the privilege of the feudal landlord *to occupy the bridal bed, WITH THE BRIDE, on the first night after the wedding.*

They did that in the Philippines. Elsewhere, they are still doing things to the women and the men that are quite as wicked and lustful as the *jus prima noctis.*

Do you demand proof, my Prince?

You shall have it.

T. E. W.

Colonel David Crockett

I. D. Affleck

AMONG the many distinguished Tennesseans who have risen to eminence the most honored is not more worthy of State pride than Colonel David Crockett. In his native State he won renown as a politician that gave him a national reputation, and his career makes him one of the most unique and interesting characters in history. With reference to his citizenship in Texas it is only necessary to say that he died in the Alamo and earned a martyr's crown in defence of liberty. His fate alone will suffice to exalt his name and entitle it to rank with the greatest of heroes and patriots.

Thse facts have been underrated and his talents depreciated by a recent contributor to your magazine in an article entitled "Davy Crockett," which purports to be a sketch of his life. Instead of the low order of intelligence to which the writer confines his description, a just discrimination ought to have recognized the merits that raised him from the rough and obscure life of a frontierman to the bench of a magistrate and made him a colonel of militia, that elected him twice to the legislature and three times to Congress.

His progenitors, his environments and experiences may be compared to other men of that age and country, whose minds were of heroic mold, and his ambition, like theirs, brought him into prominence. His peculiar talents and manly traits recommended him to political preferment equal to that bestowed on Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston and his junior, Abraham Lincoln, because their primary education or natural talents were not superior to his. He had much of the personal magnetism that attached men to his person, but Crockett lacked many of the personal characteristics of those great men, that were displayed in their strenuous careers, which raised them to eminence. Had he possessed their forceful genius he would not have succumbed to defeat, as asserted, and exiled himself in a foreign land.

The influences that took Crockett to Texas evidently have been misrepresented. The belief that his disappointment in not being returned to Congress led him to expatriate himself immediately after the campaign, in the fall of 1834, and that he traveled direct to Texas is erroneous. After parting from his family and friends, seemingly with that intention, it is quite certain that he did not proceed at once to his destination, but he never looked upon the faces of his wife and children again, and his foot pressed the soil of Tennessee the last time when, at Randolph, he stepped on the gang-plank of the steamer "Mediteranian," which conveyed him to Natchez. It is equally certain that he became interested in a movement to invade Texas, and before starting South he received a letter of introduction from President Jackson which endorsed him as "a God-chosen patriot." He was never an enemy of Jackson, but a warm admirer, although in Congress he conscientiously opposed several of his measures, and he believed that Jackson, in consequence, entertained resentment and opposed his election.

Jackson was undoubtedly identified with the Fredonian movement, in connection with Aaron Burr, and later, with others against Mexico, also the disturbances in Texas were viewed by him with favor. The fact is well established that he encouraged both Houston and Crockett to seek a field for the exercise of their ambition in Texas, because it was evident that the recent disturbances in the colonies was the

forerunner of a revolution. At that time the people of the United States were tendering assistance to the colonies, and a prospective invasion was contemplated with much enthusiasm, for which subscriptions were being raised.

On the boat Colonel Crockett met a number of friends and acquaintances who were men of prominence. Among them were George and James Cheatham, Geo. Zollicoffer, Colonel Wharton, J. Poindexter, John Slidell, W. R. Preston, Governor White, A. L. McClung, Governor Foot, S. S. Prentiss, Colonel Vick and others. At Helena $90,000 was subscribed by the passengers for the Texas cause, that was known as the "Crockett Fund," $10,000 of which was paid to Colonel Crockett in cash, and the balance was made payable to a majority of a committee, composed of Colonels Crockett, Bowie, Hawkins, Fannin and Travis, every dollar of which, it is claimed, was subsequently paid. At Vicksburg and at Natchez Colonel Crockett was received and entertained with great distinction. During that year he made several excursions through Arkansas, the Indian Territory and the Eastern part of Texas, but his business in those parts is not known with certainty.

Immediately after hearing that San Antonio had been captured by the Texas patriots, under General Burleson, Crockett hastened to Texas and arrived at Nacogdoches January 5, 1836. On that day an entertainment was given to Don Augustine Viesca, the deposed Governor of Coahuila and Texas, and his secretary, Don Irala. The guests had assembled at the banquet when Colonel Crockett's arrival was announced, and a committee was appointed to bring him to the feast, where an enthusiastic welcome awaited him, and he contributed greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. Having declared his intention to become a citizen of Texas, he proceeded to the office of Judge Forbs to take the oath of allegiance, but after carefully scrutinizing the form, he refused to obligate himself to support "The Provisional Government of Texas or any future government," because the "future government" might be despotic, though after the word "republic" was inserted he signed the document.

From Nacogdoches he traveled over the La Bahia trail, to Gay Hill, in Washington County, where he stopped and rested several days at the Swisher residence. Colonel John M. Swisher, then a youth, has described his appearance as follows: "He was nearly fifty years of age, stout and muscular, about six feet in height and weighed between 180 and 200 pounds; his complexion was florid, he had intelligent gray eyes, and he cultivated small side whiskers, inclined to be sandy. His countenance, although firm and determined, wore a pleasant expression. He was fond of talking and had an ease and grace about him that rendered him irresistable. When he rode away for San Antonio with his young traveling companion, B. A. Smith, he was watched with feelings of admiration and regret."

Mr. Peter Kerr also resided in that vicinity and visited Colonel Crockett frequently during his stay. He was captivated by his manners, and one day he asked Crockett to explain why he had been represented as ignorant and uncouth in his language and manners contrary to the evidence that proved him to be a well informed and cultivated gentleman. Crockett explained that his oddities were partly assumed when he first entered Congress to hide his ignorance, etc., and that afterward he was obliged to live up to the character.

Col. Crockett arrived at San Antonio on or about the first of February, with his company of twelve men, and all were enlisted in the service of Texas. He was well known to Colonels Travis

and Bowie and a command was offered him, but refusing the appointment, he entered the ranks as a private. Dr. Southerland tells that a crowd in the civil plaza called on him to make a speech, and as he mounted a goods box for that purpose he was greeted with prolonged applause, which was followed by a profound silence when the full toned voice of the distinguished speaker fell smooth and lively upon the ears of all. Its sound was familiar to many who heard it in days past, while the hearts of all beat a lively response to the patriotic sentiments which fell from his lips. Eloquent applause greeted him, as he related in his own peculiar style some of those jolly anecdotes with which he often regaled his friends, and which he only could tell with appropriate grace. He alluded frequently to his past career and during the course of his remarks, stated that not long since he had been a candidate for Congress in his native district, and that during his canvass he told his constituents that "if they did not elect him they might all go to h— and he would go to Texas." After which he concluded in substance as follows: "And, fellow-citizens, I am among you. I have come to your country, though I hope not with any selfish motive whatever. I have come to aid your interests and all the honor I desire is that of defending as a high private, in common with my fellow-citizens, the liberties of our common country."

He was in San Antonio about three weeks before the siege commenced, in which time it seems that he was engaged in building a residence near the river's source, perhaps with hired labor. He was greatly pleased with the country, and the location was selected, evidently, with the intention of removing his family and making it his home, but the house was never completed. When the President of Mexico, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, entered the city, February 23, 1836, at the head of his army of extermination, Crockett took his place among the patriots in the Alamo, and in that outpost of freedom they vowed that they would never surrender.

The siege and fall of the Alamo has interested commentators, but the facts connected with that heroic struggle have been imperfectly related, and it is evident that nothing short of an exhaustive narrative will correct false impressions and do justice to them. The most masterful collation on the subject is a monograph, by Judge Seth Shepard (in Scarff's Cop. History of Texas), and it is endorsed as an eloquent epitome of history. Other conscientious historians have proven numerous statements which were propagated by prejudiced or incompetent persons who violated public sentiment by impeaching the fame of the patriots who immolated themselves in the citadel, to be false. The evidence that vindicated the truth has been clearly established.

The statement as a whole is unsubstantial, because every one knows that the Alamo was not surrendered and that the garrison was overwhelmed by numbers and exterminated in battle with the exception of five survivors, who, doubtless, found places of shelter when wounded and exhausted until they were discovered and dragged before Santa Anna and murdered. Even Millard, the most unscrupulous of all libelers of the colonists, does not claim that the Alamo was surrendered. The story that Crockett was one of them is as false as that which says Colonel Travis committed suicide, and the following authorities, on which the information is based, is shown to be unworthy of consideration.

Four days after the battle a Mexican named Antonio Perez was sent as a messenger by the Navarro family, in San Antonio, to Colonel Seguin, at Gonzales, with intelligence of the tragedy. He was the author of the

statement, with reference to Crockett and Travis, in connection with his representation that six survivors were murdered. He was not in the battle, but he was on the scene soon after, and rescued Mrs. Alsbury and her sister who were in the Alamo. Evidently he manufactured evidence and exaggerated his report.

The only corroborative testimony on the subject is in the statement made to Dr. Labade by Colonel Urrise, (see Texas Almanac), an officer of Santa Anna's staff, when a prisoner after the battle of San Jacinto. He prefaced his information about the killing of a prisoner, by stating that "at about 8 o'clock I went into the fort and saw Santa Anna walking to and fro. As I bowed he said to me, pointing to the dead, 'These are the chickens. Much blood has been shed. It was a small affair.' The remark referred to a conversation that was held before the assault, when Castrillon begged Santa Anna to spare those of the garrison who might surrender, but in reply he said, 'I insist that my orders must be obeyed. What are men's lives more than so many chickens?' Colonel Urresa continued, "As I was surveying the dreadful scene before me I observed Castrillon coming out of the quarters leading a venerable looking old man by the hand; he was tall, his face was red and he stooped forward as he walked. The President stopped abruptly, when Castrillon, leaving his prisoner, advanced some four or five paces toward us, and with his graceful bow said ,"My general, I have spared the life of this venerable old man, and taken him prisoner.' Raising his head Santa Anna replied, 'What right have you to disobey my orders? I want no prisoners,' and waving his hand to a file of soldiers he said, 'Soldiers, shoot that man.' And almost instantly he fell, pierced with a volley of balls. Castrillon turned aside with tears in his eyes, and my heart was too full to speak. So there was not a man left. Even a cat that was soon after running through the fort was shot, as the soldiers exclaimed, 'It is not a cat but an American,' When asked what was the old man's name, he said, 'I believe they called him Crocket.' Very little was known of David Crockett at that time in Texas, and Colonel Urresa could have had no motive in misrepresenting the facts." Evidently the old man described, with a similar name, was not Crockett, who was then in his prime, with a form that was erect, robust and powerful, and it is a reflection on his character to represent him as a suppliant for mercy before Santa Anna in the midst of his dead comrades.

In Bancroft's Works, Vol. XVI. page 213, reference is made to the prisoners in connection with Santa Anna's appearance on the scene. "Half an hour after five captives, who had secreted themselves, were dragged from their hiding places and brought into his presence by Castrillon. Castrillon had some feeling of humanity and hoped that their lives would be spared, but his excellency was of a more tigerish nature. Severely reprimanding him, he angrily turned his back, whereupon the soldiers, though already drawn up in line, fell upon the unarmed men and dispatched them." Captain Potter also partly confirms the incident, and states that "in the hurry with which the mandate was performed, a Mexican soldier was accidentally killed," but Crockett is not mentioned in either account. In a description of the battle, by a Mexican soldier, Sergeant Becirra says he believed that Travis and Crockett were the last men killed, but states that he did not identify them. Marcus J. Wright, in the Magazine of American History, February number, 1884, says, that when the Mexicans entered "the six survivors fought with their knives and the butts of their guns in a body" until all were captured, including

Crockett, and afterwards murdered in compliance with Santa Anna's order, but he does not give his authority. It is in contradiction of Captain Potter's statement that Crockett fought single-handed in the open outside the chapel, using his rifle barrel as a club, until he was killed by an enemy's bayonet, and that when he fell "there were about twenty dead and dying Mexicans whose bodies formed a complete barrier around him." This version is deemed the most correct, because he had earned a reputation for recklessness, and, if it was true that he was the last man killed in battle, it is more than probable that he met a heroic death in the manner described. Any other death would not have suited his character, even the story that when Santa Anna ordered him to be shot, he sprang toward the General with a knife upraised as the volley was fired which ended his life, because the scene could not have happened until after he was a prisoner, and positive testimony contradicts that fable.

Mrs. Dickinson, a native of Tennessee, the wife of Lieut, Almiron Dickinson, who was rescued by Colonel Almonte, together with her infant child Angelina, afterwards known as the "Babe of the Alamo," says that she saw the body of Colonel Crockett lying between the chapel and the convent on her way out of the citadel. It is probable that in her terror she erred in designating the locality, because she had just been wounded and her life was in great danger until she passed out of the trench. The body lay near the northwest angle, where it was identified by Alcalde Ruiz about two hours afterward. Consequently the evidence disproves the statement that Crockett was one of them, and helps to establish Captain Potter's information as correct.

The following statement, made by T. A. Ruiz, the Mayor of San Anaonio, is deemed reliable, and he gives facts that are not obtainable from any other source:

"On the 23d day of February, 1826, (2 o'clock p. m.), Santa Anna entered the City of San Antonio with a part of his army. This he effected without any resistance, the forces under the command of Travis, Bowie and Crockett having, on the same day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, learned that the Mexican army was on the banks of the Medina River, they concentrated in the fortress of the Alamo.

"In the evening they commenced to exchange fire with guns, and from the 23rd of February to the 6th of March (in which the storming was made by Santa Anna), the roar of artillery and volleys of musketry were constantly heard.

"On the 6th of March, at 3 o'clock a. m., Gen. Santa Anna, at the head of 4,000 men, advanced against the Alamo The infantry, artillery and cavalry had formed about 1,000 yards from the walls of said fortress. The Mexican army charged and were twice repulsed by the deadly fire of Travis' artillery, which resembled a constant thunder. At the third charge the Toluca batallion commenced to scale the walls and suffered severely. Out of 800 men 130 only were left alive.

"When the Mexican army had succeeded in entering the walls, I, with the political chief (Gefe politico), Don Ramno Marquiz, and other members of the Corporation, accompanied the curate, Don Refugio de la Garza, who, by Santa Anna's orders, had assembled during the night at a temporary fortification erected in Potere Street, with the object of attending the wounded, etc. As soon as the storming commenced we crossed the bridge on Commerce Street with this object in view, and about one hundred yards from the same a party of Mexican dragoons fired upon us and compelled us to fall back on the river to the place we occupied before. Half an hour had elapsed when

Santa Anna sent one of his aid-de-camps with an order for us to call on some of the neighbors to come with carts and carry the dead to the cemetery, and also to accompany him, as he was desirous to have Col. Travis, Bowie and Crockett shown to him.

"On the north battery of the fortress lay the lifeless body of Col Travis on the gun carriage, shot only in the forehead. Toward the west, and in a small fort opposite the city, we found the body of Col. Crockett. Col. Bowie was found dead in his bed, in one of the rooms on the south side.

"Santa Anna, after all the Mexicans were taken out, ordered wood to be brought to burn the bodies of the Texans. He sent a company of dragoons with me to bring wood and dry branches from the neighboring forests. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon they commenced laying the wood and dry branches, on which a file of dead bodies was placed; more wood was piled on them, and another file brought, and in this manner they were all arranged in layers. Kindling wood was distributed through the pile, and about 5 o'clock in the evening it was lighted.

"The dead Mexicans of Santa Anna were taken to the graveyard, but not having sufficient room for them, I ordered some of them to be thrown in the river, which was done on the same day.

"Santa Anna's loss was estimated at 1,600 men. These were the flower of his army.

"The gallantry of the few Texans who defended the Alamo was really wondered at by the Mexican army. Even the generals were astonished at their vigorous resistance, and how dearly victory had been bought.

"The generals who, under Santa Anna, participated in the storming of the Alamo, were Juan Amador, Castrillon, Ramirez, Sesma and Andrade.

"The men burned numbered 182. I was an eye-witness, for, as Alcalde of San Antonio, I was, with some of the neighbors, collecting the dead bodies, and placing them on the funeral pyre.

"Signed,

"Francisco Antonio Ruiz."

"P. S.—My father was Don Francisco Ruiz, a member of the Texas Convention. He signed the Declaration of Independence on the 2d of March, 1836. F. A. R."

"The foregoing is a correct translation of the original document.

"Quintero."

Other evidence shows that Santa Anna's army was underestimated, as it numbered about 6,000 men. The number of dead included all that were killed during the twelve days of siege. Historians generally overlook the fact that 1836 was a leap year. The assault commenced at 4 a. m. and the last Texans were killed at 9 o'clock a. m.

The Cemetery is now Milam Park. The Texans were burned in three piles. A year later the remains were buried with military honors.

In Santa Anna's official report of the engagement he says that with 1,400 men he captured the fort and killed 600 Texan rebels in half an hour, losing seventy men in killed. His statements are all devoid of truth.

The entire garrison of Anglo-Americans, and, perhaps, nine Mexican auxiliaries, were killed. One American woman and her child, three Mexican women and one child, three Mexican auxiliaries, and one negro man servant, survived the slaughter. These facts approximate the truth, but they have been represented differently, and the subject is misunderstood on that account.

Romantic Account of the Celebrated "Melungeon" Case

(Interesting Reminiscence by Judge Lewis Shepherd of His Early Success as a Lawyer)

MANY years ago, when Tennessee was being settled by white people, there came to this section from Virginia a wealthy man with his family and his slaves. He bought a large and valuable tract of land and cleared it up and converted it into a farms. This tract was situated in the bend of the river, now called Moccasin Bend and much of it was very rich and fertile river bottom land, where vegetation of all sorts grew in rich and luxuriant abundance. The man died after a while, leaving a widow and three sons; the widow married again and raised a family of three girls. The young men grew up to be good business men, and each of them had a fine farm inherited from his father. Two of them died without having been married, and their estates were inherited by the survivor. He rented his lands, and hired out his slaves, and he himself entered into the mercantile business in the town which grew up on the South side of the river. It was at first Rossville, but is now the flourishing city of Chattanooga. After several years of life in the town, he was attacked with a severe spell of fever; he recovered, but the disease affected his mind to such an extent that he was temporarily deranged. He recovered his mental faculties about the year 1848, and thereafter, for several years, managed his property very successfully.

He had on his farm a tenant who had been a United States soldier in the war of 1812, having joined the army in South Carolina where he lived at the time. This old soldier had a daughter who was famed for her beauty, her grace of manner and modesty. She was a dark brunette. She had a suite of black hair, which was coveted by all the girls who knew her. Her form was petite, and yet, withal was so plump and so well developed as to make her an irresistibly charming young woman. She was most beautiful of face, and had a rich black eye, in whose depths the sunbeams seemed to gather. When she loosed her locks they fell, almost reaching the ground, and shone in the sunlight, or quivered like the glamour which the full moon throws on the placid water. She was the essence of grace and loveliness. Our hero fell in love with this delightful young woman; she reciprocated his affection, and they obtained the consent of her parents to be married. His mother and half sister heard of this attachment and engagement to marry, to which they were very much opposed. They knew if he married their prospects would be destroyed. They notified the clerk and his deputy, whose duty it was to issue marriage licenses, not to issue a license, claiming that our hero was incompetent to contract a marriage, and that there was a legal disability to his intermarriage with this girl, and they threatened to bring suit for damages against him and his bondsmen, if he issued him a license to wed this young woman.

When our hero, several days afterwards, applied to the clerk he was refused a license and was informed of the notice to prevent the granting of the license. He was a young man of resources, and was not to be outwitted in this way. He took his bride-elect and crossed over the river and secured the aid of Ab. Carroll and John Cummings, both of whom were young men, and they entered joyfully into the plot. They were fond of fun, and they readily agreed to promote the marriage, since

there was a romantic feature connected with it. They took the young people, desperately bent on getting married, to the house of Esquire Clark, in Dade county, Georgia, and sent to Trenton and secured a marriage license. Squire Clark performed the marriage ceremony in due and proper form, and made return of the license, properly indorsed by him under the law of Georgia, to the proper court in Trenton, the county seat of Dade county. The happy groom, with his charming bride, returned to his home that afternoon, duly and legally married, much to the discomfort of his relations who had tried to thwart the marriage, it never having occurred to them that a Georgia court could grant a license and a Georgia judge perform the ceremony. They immediately went to housekeeping on the groom's plantation in a comfortable home which he had previously furnished and prepared for his bride, and they started out in life happily and auspiciously. The marriage occurred on the 14th day of June, 1856, as shown by Squire Clark's return on the license. The first child of the marriage was a son, who died in his infancy. The second was a daughter, who was born in the latter part of the year 1858. Eight days after her birth the mother died, which event was such an overpowering shock to the father that he went violently insane, and had to be taken into custody and kept under guard for a long time. He never recovered his mind, but he got to be in such condition that he was entirely harmless. He was permitted to live alone in his house, and his meals were furnished him by his guardian, who looked carefully and closely after ris welfare. He was like Judge Alton Parker in one respect—he took a plunge into the creek or river near his house every morning, no matter how cold or how hot it was. In the winter time he frequently had to break the ice in order to take his plunge. He would not allow a hair to grow anywhere on his body, head or face; he plucked them out as soon as they made their appearance, and he fancied that evil spirits would invade his house and destroy him unless he kept himself surrounded by a circle of cats ,which he always did. His cats were numerous and were exceedingly well trained for their work. The mother and half-sisters of the crazy man procured a maternal aunt of the child, "Aunt Betsy," either by threats or bribes, to take the little infant clear out of the country, and exacted a promise from her that she would never return to this country, and she took her away and settled in Illinois, in the swamps of the Mississippi, seventy-five miles above Cairo, and the child was completely forgotten by everybody in the country, except Mr. Samuel Williams, who knew all the facts and knew that some day there would be a reckoning. He secretly arranged with "Aunt Betsy" to have a letter written to him once in a while to keep him posted as to the whereabouts and the welfare of the child, and this she did. Whenever she changed her place of residence she promptly caused Mr. Williams to be notified and informed of her new habitation. She had the forethought when she went on her journey to hide the child, to take the child's father's family Bible, which contained a record, in his own handwriting, of his marriage and the birth of his children, which proved to be a valuable item of evidence in the great chancery court suit which afterwards arose out of these matters. Shortly after the man went crazy, William H. Foust was appointed guardian of his person and property. Mr. Foust was one of the best men in the country; was successful and prosperous in his own affairs, and he made a careful and prudent guardian of his ward's property and of his person. He kept his lands rented, and carefully collected and preserved the rents until he had a fund of many thousand dollars, loaned at inter-

est and well secured by deeds of trust on real estate. Mr. Foust allowed the man to live in his own house, but employed one of the tenants on the estate to feed him and look after keeping his house and his clothes in proper condition, and in this way he was comfortably and amply provided for.

In 1872, while Hon. D. M. Key was chancellor the two surviving half-sisters of our man, and the children of the deceased half-sister, brought suit in chancery court by which they sought to surcharge and falsify the settlements, made from time to time by Mr. Foust. of his guardianship; they charged that he had mismanaged the estate, and wasted its assets, and had loaned large sums to insolvent persons, and had taken inadequate security from the borrowers, and sought to make him account for the assets which he ought, by prudent management, to have on hand. Another feature of the bill was that Mr. Foust's ward was an incurable and permanent lunatic, rarely having a lucid interval, and that complainants were his heirs aparent, and would certainly fall into posession of the estate, the prayer of the bill was that the guardianship be revoked and the ward and his estate be turned over now to them, they agreeing to give bond and security that they would provide for all his wants. They also prayed the court to pronounce a decree adjudging them to be the heirs apparent to the estate.

Mr. Samuel Williams, and Col. John L. Divine were the sureties on Mr. Foust's bond as guardian and they were sued in order to make good the decree which the complainants expected to recover, and Mr. William concluded that now was the proper time for him to make use of the knowledge which he had of the existance and whereabouts of the rightful heir apparent, and sought a lawyer to whom his secret could be entrusted, and who could represent the girl in the assertion of her rights. He found, on inquiry, that all the experienced lawyers in town had been employed, either by complainants or Mr. Foust, one of the defendants. Van Dye, Cooke and Van Dyke, Judge D. C. Trewitt and M. H. Clift were the array on the complainants side, while Key and Richmond and Col. W. L. Eakin represented Mr. Foust. A friend of Mr. Williams advised him to consult a young lawyer, who was just starting out in business. Mr. Wililams acted on this advice and communicated all the facts in his posession to the young man, and placed the entire matter in his hands for such action as he might deem necessary and oppropriate. Mr. Williams agreed to serve in the capacity of next friend of the girl and become responsible for the costs, and thereupon a bill was filed for her asking that she be adjudged the child and heir apparent of the crazy man, and that she be supported and educated out of his estate, her education having been sadly neglected while she was in exile. This bill created a big sensation; it was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The complainants were extravagant in their denunciation of the bill as a tissue of falsehoods and slanders. They claimed that it was a fabrication of old man Williams, and that the girl was an imposter. They even denied that there was any such person as she in existence; they denied her identity as the child of the lunatic, and also denied that he had ever been married to his alleged wife, and claimed that if he had gone through the form of marriage it was void for numerous reasons, and the issue of such marriage was illegitimate.

In this condition of affairs, Wr. Williams, on the advise of the counsel he had retained for the girl, went to Illinois, and after much persuasion induced her to return to Chattanooga with him. He brought back with him the old Bible which "Aunt Betsy" had carried away with her when she went to Illinois. He had to persuade "Aunt Betsy" that he would fetch her back to

Chattanooga as soon as she would dispose of her belongings, which promise he made good. When Mr. Williams got back to Chattanooga, the girl was nearly 15 years old. She knew nothing about the ways of the world. She was totally ignorant of the prevailing fashions of dress; she did not now what a corset was or how it was worn, whether over or under the dress. She had spent the most of her life in the forest along the banks of the Mississippi, where she and her aunt had made their living by cultivating a small patch with hoes, and by cutting cord wood and selling it to the steamboats, which plied up and down the river, and which used wood for fuel. She knew nothing whatever of the arts of fashionable women, in making for themselves attractive forms and figures by skillful lacing—she was simply an uncouth, an unsophisticated, unmade up, natural girl from the backwoods, a girl withal, possessed of a strikingly beautiful face, and a figure that by proper development and dress was capable of being moulded into a form that would please the most fastidious.

She was very much like her mother, and possessed all the charms and graces she did, but they were undeveloped.

Mr. Williams took her to a mililner and had her provided with a wardrobe suitable to her changed surroundings. She very readily adapted herself to her new surroundings and her new life, out in the midst of the best civilization She was kept at the Williams home and sent to school from there for about two years. She had to be started at the very beginning, but, being ambitious to get some education, she studied hard and learned very rapidly, and in the short time of her school days got a very fair and practical education. She afterwards married her teacher, who was a splendid young man and became one of the leading men of the community, and managed his wife's affairs very successfully and added considerably to her fortune. At the time of his death, which occurred about twenty years ago, he was a prominent official in the county, and in conjunction with Blev. Thompson represented the Hill City district in the county legislature.

The case was energetically prepared for trial; upwards of sixty depositions were taken on the various issues raised in the pleadings. The fact of the marriage was easily proven; Esquire Clark, who officiated, was still living, as were John and James Cummings and Joel Cross, all of whom were eye witnesses to the performance of the ceremony and remembered it well. In their depositions they stated as a reason for remembering the occurrence so well the unusual circumstances that when the ceremony was said Esquire Clark, the bridal pair and witnesses were all standing in the big road in front of Esquire Clark's house. The record in the old Bible established the date of the birth of the child.

The point made that the man was incapable, by reason of being non compos mentis, of entering into a contract of marriage was settled by the ruling of the judge that a marriage which was voidable could not be questioned by anybody except one of the parties to the contract; in other words, that such marriage could not be attacked collaterally; so that it was not at all relevant to take evidence on that point.

The great battleground was the allegation in the answer that the marriage was void because in contravention of a statute of Tennessee prohibiting the intermarriage of a white person with a person of negro blood to the sixth degree, it being aleged that the mother of this girl was a person of mixed negro blood within the prohibited degree, and upon this isue a large volume of proof was taken. The evidence completely exploded this theory. It was satisfactorily established in the proof that the family of this woman was in no way allied to, or connected with, the negro race; that there was not a feature of herself or ancestry that was at

all similar to the distinguishing characteristics or features of the negro, except that they were of dark color, about the color of a mulatto. They had high foreheads, long, straight black hair, high cheek bones, thin lips, small feet with high insteps and prominent Roman noses, while the features of the negro and mulatto were exactly the reverse of these.

In truth, these people belonged to a peculiar race, which settled in East Tennessee at an early day, and in the vernacular of that country, they were known as "Melungeons" and were not even remotely allied to the negroes. It was proven by the tradition prevailing amongst these people that they were descendants of the ancient Carthaginians; they were Phœnicians, who after Carthage was conquered by the Romans, and became a Roman province, emigrated across the Straits of Gibraltar, and settled in Portugal. They lived for many years and became quite numerous on the southern coast of Portugal, and from there came the distinguished Venetian General Othello, whom Shakespeare made immortal in his celebrated play, "The Moor of Venice." These were the same people who fought the Romans so bravely and heroically in the Punic wars, and whose women sacrificed their long black hair to the State to be plaited and twisted into cables with which to fasten their galleys and ships of war to the shore.

About the time of our Revolutionary War, a considerable body of these people crossed the Atlantic and settled on the coast of South Carolina, near the North Carolina line, and they lived amongst the people of Carolina for a number of years. At length the people of Carolina began to suspect that they were mulattoes or free negroes, and denied them the privileges usually accorded to white people. They refused to associate with them on equal terms, and would not allow them to send their children to school with white children, and would only admit them to join their churches on the footing of negroes.

South Carolina had a law taxing free negroes so much per capita, and a determined effort was made to collect this tax off them. But it was shown in evidence on the trial of this case, that they always successfully resisted the payment of this tax, as they proved that they were not negroes. Because of their treatment, they left South Carolina at an early day, and wandered across the mountains to Hancock county, Tennessee, where they settled. Many of them yet live in Hancock, in fact the majority of the people of that county are "Melungeons;" or are allied to them in some way. A few families of them from time to time drifted away from Hancock into the other counties of East Tennessee, and now and then into the mountainous sections of Middle Tennessee. Some of them live in White, some in Grundy, and some in Franlin county. They seem to prefer living in a rough mountainous, and sparcely settled country.

One peculiarity of these people is that the dark color can not be bred out of them; they do not miscegenate or blend in color. It frequently happens that a white man marries a "Melungeon" girl and raises children by her, but the children always partake of the color of one or the other parent, some of them will be white like the father, and some of them dark like the mother. Sometimes the woman bears twins by a white sire, and one will be white and the other dark. The spectacle has often been seen of a mother suckling twin babes at each of her breasts, one white and the other dark. This is not true of a cross between a white man and a negro woman. A mulatto is always half white and half black, and an octoroon can hardly be told from a pure Caucassian, the negro blood being so completely bred out. While this is true our Southern high bred people will never tolerate on equal terms, any per-

son who is even remotely tainted with negro blood, but they do not make the same objection to other brown or dark skinned people, like the Sapnish, the Cubans, the Italians, et cetera.

The term "Melungeon" is an East Tennessee provincialism; it was coined by the people of that country to apply to these people. It is derived from the French word "melange," meaning a mixture or medley, and has gotten into the modern dictionaries. It was applied to these people because it was at first supposed that they were of mixed blood—part white and part negro. This name is a misnomer, because it has been conclusively proven that they are not mixed with negro blood, but are pure-blooded Carthagenians, as much so as was Hannibal and the Moor of Venice and other pure-blooded descendants of the ancient Phœnicans. It was proven in the case that the grandfather of this girl was accorded the full rights of a citizen at a time when a negro could not vote, He was allowed to vote in all elections while he lived in Hamilton county. and was allowed to testify in the courts when a negro was an incompetent witness. Once, in Marion county, a white man named Perkins killed one of the old man's grandchildren, and an indictment was found against him, with the name of the old man marked as prosecutor. A plea in abatement was filed by the defendant, averring that he had no capacity to become a prosecutor because he was a negro. An issue of fact was joined on this plea and tried by a jury, which found that the plea was not true, that the prosecutor was not a negro. The defendant was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a long term.

The old man applied to the government for a pension on account of his services to the country in the war of 1812. At the time of his enlistment a negro, or a mulatto, could not become a soldier in the United States army at all. He had some difficulty in finding a witness who could testify that he was in the army in that war. He had put his case in the hands of a local pension attorney, who had exhausted his resources in an effort to find satisfactory evidence in support of his client's claim. Someone told him that the old man could call the roll of his company from the captain down to the last private on the list. He had learned it from hearing the orderly sergeant call it over at roll calls, and his habit was to repeat it as a sort of song or melody. The attorney called him in and had him to call the roll, and while he called the attorney wrote down the names. The old man had forgotten the number of his regiment. All he could tell was that it was a South Carolina regiment. The attorney sent this list of names to the war department at Washington, and a search was made in the archives amongst the South Carolina regiments, and sure enough the muster roll of this company was found, containing the names from the captain down, just as the old man had called them over to his attorney. From this clue, as a starting point, he had no difficulty in making out his case to the satisfaction of the pension-commissioner. This was a very important piece of evidence to defeat the negro imputation, because it was utterly impossible for a negro to be an enlisted man at the time. He might be hired as a teamster or a cook, but could not be a soldier. While the testimony was being taken some old-time negroes were introduced to prove that the Boltons, for that was the name of the old man referred to, were kinky-headed negroes. They very promptly swore to this, and said the whole bunch of them had kinky hair just like a mulatto negro. On being cross-examined they were asked if all of Bolton's daughters had kinky hair, and they answered "yes," and they also swore that old "Aunt Betsy" had kinky hair, and that our girl's mother had the same sort of hair. They did not know that Betsy was in the land of the living;

in point of fact, the parties and attorneys on the other side did not have a suspicion that she was any nearer than her Illinois hut in the swamps of the Mississippi, but she was then on Williams island, having been brought back here by Mr. Williams in pursuance to his promise to her when he got her to let him fetch the girl back.

Notice was immediately served that on the following Saturday the deposition of Betsy Bolton would be taken at the residence of Samuel Williams, and it was so taken. She was asked to cut out a lock of her hair, and pin it to her deposition. She reached up to her top knot and pulled out her old-fashioned tucking comb, and a monstrous mass of coal black hair, as straight as the hair of a horses' tail, fell down to the floor. It was about four feet long, and perfectly free from a kink, or a tendency to curl. She exhibited with her depositions a fair sample of her magnificent suit of hair, which completely destroyed the depositions of the negroes taken on the other side to prove that the Bolton people were negroes. The case was patiently tried by the learned chancellor, who gave the solicitors free scope to argue it as much as they pleased. The decree was in favor of the girl, and adjudged that she was the heir apparent of her father and entitled to be supported and educated out of his estate, and to inherit the estate after his death. He directed the guardian to provide liberally out of the funds in his hands for her education and maintenance, and to pay the young lawyer who had fought her battle single handed against the most experienced and best legal talent that could be found, $5,000 for his services. The young man thought that was a pretty good fee to earn in his first year's practice.

At one time Mr. Williams got alarmed at the splendid array of lawyers that were pitted against his inexperienced solicitor, and he contemplated sending to Knoxville for Col. John Baxter to take the leading part in the case, but on reflection, he decided that that would be unjust to his solicitor who had borne the burden of the prepartion of the case for trial; he thought he was entitled to the glory and the compensation in case of success, and he therefore abandoned his purpose of engaging Col. Baxter.

One of the funny incidents of this case was the following:

Joel Cross testified that he witnessed the marriage, and that it occurred in the big road in front of Squire Clark's residence on the 14th day of June, 1856; he was closely cross-examined by Judge Trewhitt, who thought that he could catch him on his swearing so particularly to the date of the marriage. He asked how he was able, after such a long lapse of time to swear to the precise date of the occurrence. His answer was:

"Well, Judge, that was a notable day for me; several things happened on that day to make me remember it. While we were at breakfast that morning the report was brought to us that a Baptist preacher who was carrying on a revival in the neighborhood had got drunk and the meeting would have to be broken up; a little later some young horses that we were plowing in my field ran away and tore down several acres of fine growing corn; and then about the middle of the afternoon this marriage was performed in the big road, and lastly we had a fine girl baby born at our house that evening and I set down the date of her birth and her name in the Bible, and that is how I know the date."

The decree in this case was affirmed on appeal to the Supreme Court and by this final act a great wrong was righted, and a worthy girl was vested with the title to a large fortune; the benefits of which she had been deprived for many years..—The Sunday Times, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miscellaneous

The Case Against Thos. E. Watson.

THE case of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy *versus* Thos. E. Watson, on the criminal side of the Federal Court, had to go over temporarily, because Judge Emory Speer certified that he was unable to preside with "absolute impartiality."

The case will perhaps be tried at a special term in the early summer. Otherwise, it will stand postponed to the regular Fall term of this year.

Mr. Watson's crime is, *that he quoted a part of a Roman Catholic theological book.*

That book has been taught in Romanist seminaries for several generations.

The volume from which Watson quoted is bought by the U. S. Government, and is displayed on the shelves of its public library in Washington City, where all comers are invited, at your expense, to read the whole book.

But because Watson used *one chapter from that book*, he is indicted as the perpetrator of an infamous crime, and is threatened with a 5-year term in the penitentiary.

State-Rights Superior to U. S. Treaty-Rights.

It is a great pity that our Federal Government has of late years been taking legal advice from corporation attorneys who have no just conception of Constitutional law.

If President Wilson would consult ex-Senator Bailey, of Texas, or Judge Walter Clark of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, he would be advised, *and convinced*, that the U. S. Government has no power to interfere with California, in the matter of her domestic affairs.

Every State in the Union is in the full possession of all the sovereignty that was not expressly delegated by the States to the Federal Government.

The separate, independent States never surrendered the right to regulate their own land laws—as regarding people who are *not* citizens of this country.

The Federal Government, *being a derivative corporation*, cannot by Treaty, or otherwise, subvert the reserved authority of the States *from whom it was derived.*

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the question, and in the language of the bar, it is *res adjudicata.*

China claimed that, under the Burlinghame treaty, its citizens had the right to domicile themselves on the Pacific Coast.

China claimed that the Exclusion Act, aimed at her citizens by Congress, was in violation of the Treaty, and therefore null.

The Court held that the Treaty could not deprive Congress of its authority to exclude the Chinese.

As a treaty cannot rob Congress of its delegated powers, much less can a treaty set at nought the inherent, sovereign, undelegated rights of the States.

It is somewhat of a deplorable condition of things that we have a national administration—Democratic, Jeffersonian and simple—beginning its career by endeavoring to put delegated treaty-rights *above* the inherent State sovereignty which delegated the very right to make a treaty.

Can the *agent* oust the *principal* from his business?

Can the tenant, holding possession under the landlord, challenge and overthrow the title of his landlord?

Bryan and Wilson might begin on these rudiments, and gradually study their way up.

Cry for Help From Convent Walls.
Washington's Warning
versus
Romanist Expansion.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most harmful foes of republican government." So declared George Washington, in his farewell address, dated September 17, 1796.

Impressed profoundly, by a like conviction, Washington's distinguished successor, James Monroe, in his memorable message to Congress, December 2, 1823, stated: "The occasion has been deemed proper for asserting, as a principle in which rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continent, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Now, note the following from the Irish World, of New York, one of the most powerful organs of papalism in America:

> Chicago.—Archbishop Quigley has completed arrangements with the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Grannella of Rome, protector of the Italian Order of Sisters of Providence, for a foundation of these nuns in Chicago. They will establish three schools among the Italians, the character of which will be much like a day nursery for children of mothers who go out to work.

This statement was given the public in the Irish World's issue of April 19, 1913. These Sisters of Providence, booked for Chicago, will, in America, remain under foreign control. There is not a sisterhood, in all of these United States, but has a cardinal or other prelatic protector, that is to say, paid guardian and governor, in Rome; not one of America's numberless nunneries but is subject, in first instance, not to American laws, but to the decrees of an absolute foreign despot, the Pope of Rome.

Every sisterhood is a foreign colony, not only un-American, but anti-American, in government, in action, influence and discipline. The cruelties, the tragedies, and the indecencies enacted, behind nunnery doors and walls defy description, aye even enumeration. And American citizens stand idly by while this ungodly and atrocious infamy drives thousands of American women and girls to ruin!

From convent walls, there falls on ears that refuse to hear, the cry of wronged and suffering womanhood:

> And if it be evil prayer to breathe,
> Oh, let no stranger saint or seraphim
> Wait there to lead up to the Judgment-seat,
> My timid soul with weeping eyes and dim.
>
> But let them come, those dear and lovely ghosts,
> In all their human guise and lustihood,
> To stand upon that shore and call me home;
> Waving their joyful hands as once they stood—
> As once they stood!

Utterly incompatible are Romanism and Americanism. The work of the sisterhood is mainly directed to the papalization and foreignization of youth. *The Inter-Mountain Catholic*, published in Salt Lake City, rejoices over the extent and thoroughness of this feature of missionary work. Speaking of the latest Catholic Directory figures on the subject, the *Inter Mountain* organ of the Vatican declares:

> "One of the features of the Directory which will give food for thought is the table giving statistics of the parochial schools. According to the figures which have been supplied by the Diocesan Chan-

cery officials there are 5,256 parishes which have parochial schools connected with the churches. In these 5,256 schools, 1,360,-761 boys and girls are receiving their elementary education. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that in many rural districts, where parochial schools can not be organized, due provision is made for the religious instruction of youth. With this in mind, the fact that 1,360,761 children are attending the parochial schools will stand out more sharply.

"It must also be remembered that there are 47,415 orphans in our orphanages, and, adding together the number of pupils in parochial schools, in orphanages, detention schools, instituutes, academies, high schools, and colleges, it will be found that there are 1,593,316 young people under Catholic care in the United States."

There is, under serious consideration, in Vaticanist circles, both in Italy and America a project for the bringing to the Southern States of large bodies of Italian Catholic colonists. Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, are considered inviting fields for this branch of Romanist actiivty. Romanism has never flourished in the Southland generally. Slow has been its growth even in Louisiana, Maryland and Kentucky, where it had early start. From the *Literary Digest*, Jan. 25, 1913, we take the following:

A table has been prepared showing the distribution of the Catholic population in twenty-five States having the largest number of Catholics. Thus:

"During the year 1912 Michigan has forged ahead of Wisconsin and Kansas has advanced over New Hampshire, Maine, and Nebraska. The table follows:

"New York, 2,790,629; Pennsylvania, 1,633,353; Illinois, 1,460,987; Massachuestts, 1,383,435; Ohio, 743,065; Louisiana, 584,000; Michigan, 568,505; Wisconsin, 558,476; New Jersey, 506,000; Missouri, 470,000; Minnesota, 454,797; Connecticut, 423,000; California, 403,500; Texas, 306,400; Iowa, 266,735; Maryland, 260,000; Rhode Island, 260,000; Indiana, 232,764; Kentucky, 163,228; New Mexico, 140,573; Kansas, 131,000; Maine, 123,-600; Nebraska, 118,270 Colorado, 105,-000."

There is one Southern State, and one only, Louisiana, where—due to Roman Catholic influence—marriage between whites and blacks is legal. Let Italian Romanists acquire political strength in other Southern States, and the laws against legalized miscegenation will soon be set aside.

No section of the American people more profoundly concerned than the South, in the strict keeping of Washington's warning "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence."

GLADSTONE GOLDEN.

MR. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES ON HON. THOMAS E. WATSON.

The return of Hon. Thomas E. Watson with welcome and adulation to Atlanta is significant of the march of events and the vindication of tolerance.

Time was when the distinguished Georgian stood for political policies and principles against which the ultra prejudices of conservative Democracy rolled in a protesting and indignant flood. As the evangel and leader of the Populist party in the South he inaugurated and fulminated the doctrines which waved liked a red rag in the face of the factional conservatism that was dominant about him.

What matter if he advocated these ideas with signal dignity and consummate ability? What matter if he challenged controversy and met unflinchingly the ablest of his adversaries in clear, cold argument upon the hustings? He was against the organization throned on sentiment and tradition and prejudice, and upon the gratitude of a defeated people, and as an opponent of the Democratic party, he was anathematized by its leaders and practically ostracised by its followers.

When his flag of leadership went down in defeat, be bowed to the storm of ballots, realized at once that his party would not experience a resurrection in his day, and confessing in proud humility his failure to succeed, withdrew from the arena of politics, and sought his mission in a quieter and perhaps a more fruitful field of higher endeavor.

Tonight he comes back to the Democratic capitol of this Democratic State, with no doctrine of his political propaganda retracted, with no apology crossing the crusade he so gallantly led, and amid the welcoming smiles of the pit and the applauding enthusiasm of the galleries will receive the ovation due to genius and courage without regard to conflict of opinion.

The Tom Watson who speaks tonight at the Grand is the same Tom Watson who spoke five years ago at the Tabernacle—a little older—a little wiser—a little richer—but not one whit braver or better or more famous now than then.

The Tribune of the People—for this he

was in fearless sincerity and truth—perhaps the last tribune of the people—has lived to see many of his political prophecies fulfilled in completeness and many of the ideas which he advocated in hopeless minority, duly and permanently incorporated into the platform of one of the great permanent political parties that fought and vanquished his own.

If there be any joy or any triumph in this vindication which time has brought to his position, nothing in his tranquil pulses or in his silent lips will betray the feeling.

But there be those who stood by this man in the lonely hours of his political ostracism, who will think tonight, between the ringing sentences, of the nobility of Tolerance and of the certain vindication which time brings to all men who are honest and able and brave.—Atlanta News.

COMMENT.

The above tribute was written and published in 1901.

The "red rag" principles of Watson, *then*, are now the rallying cries of Progressive Democracy.

Watson sowed—he and his Populist following.

Others reap. So runs the world away.

The Hoptown Accommodation

W. A. Toombs

"YES," said the old railroader, "time changes everything, and nothing more so than railroads. Take, for instance, this St. Louis line of the Louisville & Nashville. No division of the whole system can equal it for either travel or traffic. It is a recorded fact that more business is transacted from Henderson, Ky., to Nashville, Tenn., than is done on the main stem from Louisville to Nashville, although the main line has the advantage of forty miles more road between the points compared and yet this active St. Louis division was, in the latter sixties, built and operated as the St. Louis & Southeastern Railway, and, excepting funeral processions, was undoubtedly the slowest thing on wheels. The roadbed was constructed on principles of rigid parsimony, the crossties just a little more frequent than angelic visitations. The track was laid with sixty-pound rails and used the old chair splicer. The motive power and rolling stock would attract great attention in this day and time. But there are plenty of old-timers living here now well remember when these conditions existed.

"I had just launched out in railroad life then and held the honorable and enviable position of head brakeman on the 'Hoptown Accommodation,' a collection of prehistoric box cars, some alleged guns and a non-descript affair called by exaggerated courtesy a caboose. We put in all our time struggling over the road from Henderson to Hopkinsville and returning to our starting point. We carried passengers, live stock, saw logs, chickens, butter, eggs, ginseng, hides, tallow or anything else portable. We stopped at all stations and road crossings and were subject to halts at intermediate points. Our ups and downs, haps and mishaps, would fill a volume.

"I remember one time coming out from Henderson with old Pap Russell at the throttle of the old No. 5. We were signed down by a crowd of men gathered by the roadside trying to extricate an old horse that had hopelessly mired in the ditch. We slowed to a stop and the owner of the ancient

equine, a shrewd, close-fisted old farmer living near by, approached our conductor, Ben Epperson, and asked him to attach a stout rope already around the nag to his engine and 'snake' the 'critter' out. Ben was disposed to get up on his car at first, but the wily old hayseed told him that the 'hoss' was his property and was hopelessly mired in a ditch, the property of the party of the second part, and he could either pull him out or let him die, but, said he, 'jest as shore as you let that thar hoss die in that blamed mud hole jest that shore will I sue the gosh-dinged railroad for dammige. And by gosh,' he added, 'I'll get it, too.' After considerable argument, embellished with numerous quotations from profane history, old hayseed carried his 'pint' and Ben told old Pap to back the train a pieec, cut loose his engine and snake that animated hatrack out of the ditch P. D. Q.

"All the passengers alighted and drew near to witness the novelty. Well, old Pap backed up his engine as close as possible, and, unknown to Epperson, got off to oil his machinery, and a big lout of a lad, the son of the nag owner, climbed unnoticed into the cab, the fireman having vacated his post to assist in hitching the rope. When this was securely fastened Epperson called out, supposedly to old Pap, 'Go ahead with the engine.' Well, that blamed boy did not do a thing but lay hold of the lever and yank a full head of steam on that old engine and it went crow-hopping and leaping wildly down the track. The first revolution of her wheels took up all the 'slack' of the rope and the next turn yanked the ancient equine out of the mud with a report plainly heard at the next station. Then the old rattletrap settled down to a blue rate speed, leaving an impartial allotment of the poor beast on the sparse crossties. Everyone ran screaming and gesticulating to the affrighted boy, who leaned far out of the cab window gazing in helpless terror at the carcass whipping like the tail of a kite after him. When the last remnant had been distributed, he turned from the window and shut off the steam and stopped the engine and nobody ever got such a beating as that poor boy at the hands of conductor and engineer. Old hayseed swore that he would sue the company, but Epperson scared him by saying that the company would imprison him for conspiring to defraud, and we never heard anything more of the matter.

"One of the funniest things I ever saw was a sudden rise and fall of eggs in Hopkinsville, and this is how it came about. We were on the south run one morning, and at Crafton an old gray-whiskered granger boarded us carrying a large basketful of fine-looking eggs. He was headed for 'Hoptown' to put a quietus on an egg famine which had been in full blast for some time. We had a full quota of passengers that morning and had stretched our elastic schedule to its utmost tension and was making a banner run to Hoptown to take the siding for the north passenger, due at 10:30. We had picked up at Madisonville a large, fat, good-natured drummer, who made facetious remarks about everybody and everything and kept up a continual roar of laughter. When the old granger got on with the eggs the drummer opened up his batteries on him, but the old fellow resented this and there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes which warned the drummer to seek other worlds to conquer. As we neared Hoptown, Epperson told the passengers that he had to take the siding for the north passenger and could not stop at the depot, but just as soon as the train stopped we would back down to the platform for the passengers to get off. This seemed to suit every one but the old granger, who seemed to fear a slump in the market, and despite all protestations he arose, grabbed his 'aigs,' and while we were passing the platform at full limited

speed he stepped from the train with about as much caution as one would exercise in walking across a floor, and then things began to happen at a lively rate. His first maneuver was to sling the big basket higher than the telegraph poles, and it literally rained hen fruit all over western Hopkinsville. He then went leaping frantically toward the south end of the platform. He had covered perhaps a dozen feet in his mad career when the empty basket struck the platform directly in front of him. Tripping over this he fell full length upon the hard deck and smote the planks with both hands as far as he could reach. When he arose he presented a most ludicrous sepectacle. His straw hat had soared away and his matted hair, long beard and homespun clothes were dripping with crushed eggs and he wore a dazed expression. Everybody laughed—the drummer just roared. He was standing on the back platform of the cabose and thrust his hands far down in his pockets, leaned back and let out peal after peal of the loudest laughter at the old granger who gazed in speechless fury at him.

"Our train stopped, the switch was opened, and old Pap reversed a full head of steam to clear the main line, for the passenger slowed up around the curve. We had stopped with the train at full stretch, and when the sudden reverse reached the caboose the shock was terrific—the passengers were slammed around rudely, but the commercial tourist caught it the hardest. He was leaning back with his eyes closed in the throes of uncontrollable laughter when it came. He leaped high into the air, turned a half summersault and lit on his head and shoulders right in the middle of the aisle. Then a change came over the old granger. He let off a warwhoop that jarred the ground and 'cut the pigeon wing' a yard high all over that platform, shrieking and jeering at the disconsolate drummer, who fled to a carriage and quickly disappeared. When the passengers had all alighted, old granger invited the crowd across the way to join him in a fluid solace. 'I don't keer fur you 'uns ur laffin' at me one mite, but that durned drummer looked like he wuz gwine ter kill hisself, but I'll bet, by gosh, he don't feel like laffin' now. Never mind the 'aigs,' I kin lose them freely jest to see that durned fool shet up like he wuz,' and the old fellow chuckled all the way back home and left with public sympathy on his side."

"I believe," continued the old railroader, "that the best speed the old 'Hoptown Accommodation' ever made (I know I was the worst scared I ever was before or since) was the time old George Ligon chased us from Madisonville to Hanson, a distance of seven miles, on a race mare, brandishing a huge revolver and threatening us with death unless we stopped. He was a rich, ecentric old fellow, who lived southwest of Madisonville on a fine farm of the best land in the 'Green River country,' and in speech, action and dress was the strangest man I have ever yet met—was well posted on all subjects, certainly gloried in differing from the rest of mankind. Well, old George had a large family of children, among whom was a daughter named Belle. Of her he was proud and fond to a point dangerously close to idolatry. He had spared neither pains nor expense educating her and fitting her for a high plane in life. To shorten a long story—of all the young men who thronged around her she preferred the attention of a young fellow named Lane—a plain, uneducated farmer, and when this dawned on old George his wrath leaped all controlling bounds and was terrible to witness. He forbade Lane the house and placed Belle under close surveillance. She managed to elude his vigilance one day and fled with Lane to Madisonville to take the train to Indiana. Finding that they would

be compelled to wait some time for the passenger, and knowing that they had not a moment to lose, as old George, like 'Lord Ullin,' was doubtless hot on their trail, breathing vengeance, they quickly boarded the accommodation, which was just leaving for Henderson. We had left the depot and were getting cleverly under way when up dashed old George mounted on a splendid race mare, the maddest man you ever laid eyes on. His appearance defies description. He was bareheaded, without coat or vest, wore an old boot on one foot and a shoe on the other; in one hand he carried a large, formidable revolver, in the other he had five hundred dollars rolled up in a leaf of tobacco. This he eagerly offered to any one who would stop the train. As none could do this for him, he swore that he would stop it himself and away he scudded on the wings of the wind after the disappearing 'Accommodation.'

"The public road from Madisonville to Hanson parallels the railway and they run side by side for some distance. We were pounding along as usual, unaware that anything unusual was on, when all at once, without a moment's warning, old George, in his weird costume, dashed up alongside of the engine yelling and shrieking worse than an Indian, waving his pistol, which looked larger than a howitzer. Old Pap pulled the throttle wide and dove beneath the window and that old engine buckled down to business in such a manner that every one grabbed the nearest object and held on for dear life. Every few minutes old George would dash up cursing and threatening and for a little would lapse behind. He held us a neck for neck race until we reached Hanson, where he would have headed us off, but just as he was entering town the mare stumbled and he was thrown with such violence that he was unable to rise for several minutes, and as we pulled out from the station we looked back and saw him draw rein at the platform, but he was too near used up to continue the chase, for which we were devoutly thankful, for we were scared within an inch of our lives for at the time we knew nothing of him or his motives, and his sudden and frightful appearance would have startled a wooden man, and it was sufficient to put us into Hanson ahead of schedule time, which never occured again in the history of the 'Hoptown Accommodation.'

"What became of the young folks?" we asked.

"Oh, they went on to Indiana, were married and in a few days returned to Kentucky, and after panting around a week or two old George went himself after them and took them home with him, and so far as I know everything was pleasant ever afterwards."

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Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

DR. WILLIAM LEROY BROUN: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Thos. L. Brown. Neale Publishing Co., New York.

Dr. Broun was a Virginian, a graduate of the great University founded by Jefferson; and he not only taught school in his native State, but also in Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Texas and Alabama.

During the Civil War he served with distiction in the Confederate Army.

As President of the Alabama College of Agriculture and Technology, at Auburn, Dr. Broun renderd his greatest service to his country. He himself wrote, "I have put the work of my life in this college." While still in the harness, he died there in 1902, in his 75th year.

Dr. Broun was driven to resign from the State University of Georgia because he happened to incur ill-will in high quarters by being right on two disputed questions:

(1) He believed that the money which the Federal Government makes for agricultural education, should be used for that purpose.

Henry Grady and Gen. Gordon thought differently, and they made war on Dr. Brown!.

(2) He believed that cyclones were electrical twisters, and not columns of air dragged along the upper currents.

Alexander H. Stephens thought differently. He joined Grady and Gordon in their fight on Dr. Broun.

It is such a curious story, and shows so vividly how decisive events sometimes pivot on trifles and upon misunderstandings, that I quote it at length:

"Professor Broun was acknowledged as one of the educational leaders of the South. At the time of his service in Georgia he was at the zenith of his power. He was beloved of students and citizens alike. Governor Smith, at that time, said of him, 'He is the brainiest man I ever met.' In short, Professor Broun's influence was felt through the entire State.

"Yet in the very midst of this growing career he resigned and went to Vanderbilt University. His departure from Georgia was a blow to the commonwealth, and every section of the State felt it keenly. This story tells, for the first time publically, why he resigned.

"Professor Broun quit Georgia through the indirect influence of a tornado, a newspaper headline, and a mistaken idea on the part of Alexander Stephens—an idea Mr. Stephens finally recognized as a mistaken one, since it foreran an action the great commoner regretted to his dying day.

"Professor Broun wanted the appropriation of the Federal government to the State College applied to the development of technical science, something on the order of the Technological School at Atlanta. He believed such a course of instruction would be of immense value to the State, an opinion fully vindicated and practically demonstrated by the remarkable success of the State Technological School. He called the attention of the State Agricultural Society to the use of fund for other purposes.

"General Gordon, who was then a trustee of the university, opposed Professor Broun's plan for the expenditure of the Federal appropriation. He contended that the money could be better spent otherwise in the university, and took exception to the technical science plan. This difference of opinion brought politics into the faculty, whereupon General Gordon, it is said, led a fight against Professor Braun to remove him from the presidency of the college.

"In this effort to unseat the president, General Gordon was unsuccessful until joined by Mr. Stephens, who was also a trustee at the time. Together, the two powerful Georgians made the situation so uncomfortable for the president that he resigned.

"It has never been clearly understood in Georgia why Mr. Stephens joined General Gordon in his fight against Professor Braun. Congressman Fleming, who was a student at the university when the resignation was handed in, and who was also an intimate association of Mr. Stephens, knew at least one reason why, but until now he has not made public the story. He related the details yesterday in a conversation at the capitol.

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"A tornado had swept the State of Georgia, carrying considerable destruction in its path. This disaster had occurred some few months before the fight waged by General Gordon against Profesor Braun. Mr. Stephens made an address before the State Agricultural Society on the subject of tornadoes, and it was published for general information. In this address he took the position that a tornado was a powerful column of air dragged along by the movements of an upper current of air.

"A copy of the addres fell into the hands of Mr. Fleming. He read it and promptly observed that Mr. Stephens was wrong in his definition of tornadoes. The next day he met Professor Broun in a classroom and commented on the address of Mr. Stephens.

"'Why don't you reply to it?' suggested the professor to the student. 'Write your own views of the tornado and have them published.'

"Subsequently Mr. Fleming wrote an article on tornadoes and took an entirely different view of their cause from that of Mr. Stephens. He contended that there was no adhesive element in air by which a twisting column could be held to a moving strata, as Mr. Stephens had suggested. He made light of Mr. Stephens' theory of the tornado, and used this expression:

"'A column of air and a rope might be alike in the fact that neither is a toothpick nor a fence-rail, but there is scarcely any other resemblance.'

"This article Mr. Fleming sent to the **Atlanta Herald**, the editor of which was Henry W. Grady. Mr. Grady read the article and published it under big headlines:

"'LITTLE ALEC ON TORNADOES.

A State College Student Takes Him to Task on His Scientific Views.'"

"The article was signed: 'Student, State College.'

"Mr. Stephens read the article in the Herald. He conceived the idea that he was being ridiculed by some one at the university. The headlines Mr. Grady put on the Fleming article created this idea, though Mr. Fleming in his article had no such intention. Mr. Stephens, furthermore, believed that Professor Broun wrote or inspired the article, for he knew the professor differed from him on his theory of tornadoes, and was present at the State Agricultural Society when his address was made.

"Convinced, therefore, in his own mind, that Professor Broun had sought to make

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It was for quoting these instruction that Mr. Watson is indicted.

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Thomson, - Georgia

him appear ridiculous and was not his friend, Mr. Stephens joined General Gordon in his fight. Shortly thereafter the resignation of the State College's president was handed in and accepted by the board of trustees.

"Mr. Stephens did not find out until weeks later that he labored under a mistaken idea as to Professor Broun's attitude toward him. Mr. Fleming paid him a visit at Liberty Hall in Crawfordville. The student had stopped over on his way home from college on a standing invitation from Mr. Stephens. During the visit the subject of the resignation of Professor Broun came up in conversation.

" 'Yes,' said Mr. Stephens, in his shrill voice, 'I think I had something to do with defeating Broun.'

"The visitor replied:

" 'Professor Broun was one of the most capable educators the university ever had. He was greatly beloved by the students and his magnificent work was recognized throughout the State.'

"Mr. Stephens did not bring up the subject of the authorship of the article which is supposed to have influenced him to fight the president. Mr. Fleming would have admitted the authorship at once, if the subject had come up. But the conversation tok another turn.

" 'Then again, Profesor Broun was a great admirier of yours,' the visitor continued. 'Do you remember that you were offered the chair of history after the War?'

" 'I do,' Mr. Stephens answered.

" 'Professor Broun aided to bring about that offer,' said Mr. Fleming. 'He told me in conversation that he did. He said it

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was the first step in a plan he had in view which had for its end your becoming the chairman of the faculty and finally chancellor of the State University.'

"At this Mr. Stephens loked surprised. His expressive countenance began to assume a look of pain and he placed his hand over his eyes.

" 'Professor Broun compared you as a statesman to General Lee as a soldier,' Mr. Fleming went on. 'He remarked to me that the mistake of your life was in not following the example of Lee and becoming the president of a Southern college or university to educate the Southern youth.'

"Mr. Stephens leaned back in his chair. He sighed heavily as he realized that he had made a mistake in fighting the educator. He knew now that he had misconstrued the educator's position toward him and his sensitive mind suffered keenly. It flashed over him, too, that he had helped in depriving the State of one of its most valuable instructors. He thought he had been fighting an enemy. He knew now he had wounded and wronged a friend.

"He was silent for a long time."—Milt Saul. T. E. W.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY. By A. W. Macy. The Cosmopolitan Press, New York City.

There are a great number of people who would like to know more about history than they do, but who have never had the time, the inclination and the opportunity all coinciding and leading thereto.

The truth is, no department of literature has been made so distasteful by pedantry, formalism and dry-as-dust prejudices.

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Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now ownes plates, copyright and all.

THE SOLE PUBLISHERS ARE:

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April, 1913 Thomson, - Georgia

the sordid cares that beset most of us, were turned loose in the very best of libraries, he could do no more than to glance, wistfully, at the titles to the histories, with an occasional glance at the pictures, and with a sigh for hidden treasures that are beyond his ken; he can't read all those books, and therefore he wont read any one of them.

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It gives me great pleasure to say that Mr. Macy has brought together within his 218 pages of reading matter, as varied a collection of educative and entertaniing historical facts and characters as any reasonable man could hope to find. His field is almost as wide as history itself, and his selections are made with rare judgment and discrimination. T. E. W.

OUR PRESIDENTS AND THEIR OFFICE. By Wm. Estabrook Chancellor, with an introduction by the Honorable Champ Clark. The Neal Publishing Co., New York City.

As a compendium, this work fills a place not occupied by any other, and is exceeding useful in itself.

In Part One, the author treats of the roads that lead to the White House, giving a brief, graphic and accurate account of the roads that have already led there, and of the men who were fortunate enough—or unfortunate enough, as the case may be—to find those roads and to follow them to the Executive Mansion.

As a bird's eye-view of national politics, national leaders, national issues and national influences, this preliminary Chapter 1. of Mr. Chancellor's book, is not surpassed by anything within my knowledge.

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OF

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Working intensely, day and night, Mr. Watson wrote this large book in three months.

But his investigations and studies for it had occupied much of his time, for years.

He not only bought every published volume that bore upon Jefferson and his times, but he corresponded with various persons who were in possession of unpublished documents, letters, anecdotes, traditions, etc.

He went to Virginia and conversed with members of the Jefferson family and with old men who had known Mr. Jefferson.

All the histories, biographies, memoirs, Historical Collections of States, monographs on special episodes, State histories, etc., were ramsacked and used.

Many of these are out of print, and copies are rarely found.

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Of course, when he came to some of those presidents, such as Rutherford B. Hayes, the best the author could do was to slide.

When he reached William Howard Taft, all he could do was to jump off, which he did, owing to no fault of his own.

T. E. W.

A man with a stubby beard and no cuffs on feels like murdering some one. We can save you from the penitentiary by supplying you with a safety razor, which means a quick, clean shave, if you will send us two subs at full price to The Weekly Jeff or Watson's Magazine.

THE BETHANY SCRIBE. By W. B. Screws. The Gilbert Printing Co., Columbus, Ga.

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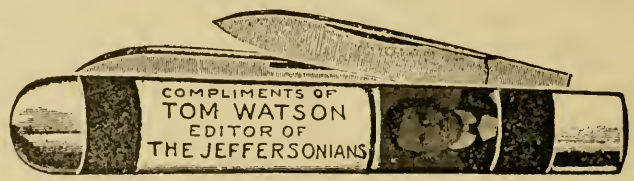

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